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MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE | www.macleans.ca

SEPTEMBER 5 2005

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many people in spiritual or financial trouble over the years. He is a true gentleman and a great artist. The allegations of a lavish "celebrity" lifestyle are pure nonsense and won't stand up in court.

PIERRE TESSIER, Montreal

Tuesday night is the Jewish tradition in the beginning of the Shabbat—Shabbat in Hebrew—and the evening meal is known as the Shabbat dinner. The Seder is the festive meal that is celebrated during the first two nights of the holiday of Passover, which took place this year on a Sunday and a Sunday night in April. So I think Johnson got the two mixed up. Other than that, I dropped his article and saw the fact that he shared mezo ball soap and beef brisket with Leona.

BRENDAN DORR, Oakville, Ont.

The GG controversy

The governor general designate, Michelle Jean, has been accused of contacting with extremists ("Loyal enough?" Governor General, Aug. 22). The fact that Jean accepted the Prime Minister's invitation is proof enough of her loyalty to Canada. Many Quebecers are of the opinion that Quebec, as a nation, should be accommodated within the Canadian state, and many more are not sure. We must accept the fact and do our best to move on. I hope Jean will win the hearts of all Canadians and become the true symbol of Canadian democracy in recent history.

SYD ALLEN, Toronto

We are all Canadians, whether we care here, in my mother's family did, in the 1930s and yesterday. And we do not lose that designation voluntarily, or without permission. For those of us who got here by accident or birth, we should remember that Michelle Jean chose us. She is a wonderful successor to the equally fine current Governor General.

ERIC KILPATRICK, Vancouver

The fact that this whole issue of Jean is up for discussion, regardless of the source, says that the choice is a bad one. Martin should cancel her appointment because even if she is named as governor general, the controversy will continue. I can just see all of the academics, librarians, poets



Bell's subject, Mohammed, in a tug-of-war

and former FLQ members discussing an Queen Adrienne's very expensive carpet making the breaking of Canada. The enemy within, you say.

MARIE HOLLINGSWORTH, Saskatoon

Ask not what Jean and her husband have (or have not) done for Canada, but what they will do for Canada.

BOB PROSKOWSKI, Guelph, Ont.

If the governor general designate held both Canadian and U.S. citizenship, our institutions would have a collective heart attack. Michelle Jean, while a Canadian citizen, does not apply for and receive French citizenship. Can Jean remain loyal both to Canada and a country that favours the destruction of Canada?

WILLIAM KENNEDY, Ottawa

Terror and tolerance

The article taken from Bennett Bell's book *The Mayor's Gaffs* [The *Mail* (August 22)] is the best story I've read so far on the turning of a seemingly ordinary boy into an al-Qaeda operative, or as Bell writes, "a handsome, educated and otherwise model young man into a killer." Al-Qaeda uses the same techniques in cults.

They take absolute young people, select them and slowly red them in. They are recruited and re-educated with a promise of eternal

salvation. They become psychologically trapped, their critical thinking suppressed. Inevitably, about the methods of indoctrination used by such groups is essential in preventing more young people from getting snared.

CELIA BEAULIEU, Oakville, Ont.

I find Bennett's essay *My Hindu's conversion* about the London bombings being planned and executed by the Israeli intelligence agency Mossad and the CIA absolutely outrageous ("It could happen now," *Toronto*, Aug. 22). Canadians have little tolerance and unfortunately too much tolerance for religious racism. If My Hindu wants to operate an extreme religious Islamic centre, I suggest that he return to Egypt to do so (or find somewhere else if it doesn't want him).

MARCUS KILPATRICK, Ottawa

Going to the dogs

Many of us who participate in the sport of canine freestyle see it as a form of higher training ("Doggy dancing," *Life*, Aug. 22). We choose not to be called "doggy dancers." If you had found a less demeaning term, you would have had a nice article. This sport is a lot of fun, but there are several different versions, and not all of us "veg out between." We prefer to highlight the extreme human bond and showcase the dog's skills.

ALAN JOHNSON, Medicine Hat

Cheap beer with an ego chaser

John Turner's article "Love's large offer" said [Brampton, Aug. 15], about brother and sister *Rembrandt* and *Mirage*, Marsha and their Mountain Crest Brewing Co., pour a picture of a pair of semi-transparent, insensitive, money-grubbing bores. Probably the only connection to the Mirages siblings that indicates they have any grasp on the reality of the image they project is Rembrandt's saying "Our ego sure was way too big," although the use of the past tense is suspicious. These people and their business are offensive on several levels. The garish conspicuous consumption that has them fagging cheap beer while driving a Hummer H1 is appalling, but the more offensive example is that, after seeing a homeless person whose coin collection included some of their empires, Marsha had the insensitivity to laugh and call it a mark of success,

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UPFRONT



Homolka | Karla parts ways with her supposed helper

If the measure of a man is the company he keeps, Rachel Lapointe is in serious need of personal growth. Lapointe's motives for having a would-be killer Karla Homolka as her modern hardware store's long-term, Que, are open to debate, but they appear to fall well short of altruistic. After obsessively chasing Homolka, claiming to want to help her adjust to life after 12 years in prison, he taped their conversations and then offered them to the media—some reports say for money. As a Good Samaritan, he's a tough sell.

Still, the poorly received event might have done the country a favor, because what really matters is not Lapointe's circle of friends, but Homolka's. The courts, her victims' families and Canadians all have a stake in knowing the company kept by Paul Bernardo's partner-in-crime, given her awful past. The psychiatrist who testified at her trial at court hearings in July acknowledged her tendency for "bad relationship choices." And her defense to the murders of Leslie Mahaffy and Kristen French was that she was Bernardo's compliant victim. Lapointe's allegations suggest the same conclusion:

Homolka and Lapointe at a café, before the media storm.

blatant psychopathy: that she's been seeking revenge for Jean-Paul Gauthier, a convicted killer with whom she struck up a relationship behind bars, then the tried-to persuade Lapointe to assist the fugitive son of murderer Steven Clement, another prison friend. Then you have Lapointe, himself, who turns out to have a criminal past and a fresh charge of sexual assault against him. You could almost feel the collective cringe in St. Catharines, Ont., when Lapointe suggested he might move to the city where Homolka and Bernardo committed their crimes—you know, out of "empathy" for its residents.

Homolka's court-ordered conditions forbid her, among other things, from mixing with convicted criminals. And criminal records see public information in Quebec, meaning she or her lawyer could easily have checked her new boss's rap sheet. It's all raised the possibility that this man's ill-fated intervention in the Karla saga will fail. All the French and Mahaffy families' most devout wish: by leading Homolka back in jail. CHARLIE GALLS

Quote of the week | "If he thinks we're trying to assassinate him, I think we really ought to go ahead and do it." Christian Coalition head PAT ROBERTSON forgets the Serb Commandment and urges the U.S. to kill leftist President Hugo Chavez of Venezuela (he later apologizes).

ScoreCard

U HIGH-TECH WRECK
You're driving B.C.'s network, but my Sin to Sky Highway to Whistler where cellphone chaps. Delays ahead, warns new text message service from B.C. Ministry of Transport. You return eyes to road as car sets over cliff. Not much knowledge a dangerous thing.

D DOOMED
The fading of space experts meeting in Vancouver that the death is due for a comet strike, like the one that wiped out the dinosaurs 65 million years ago, isn't things in perspective. That, it will be a horrible death. But, hey, no reason to waste the rest of the summer painting the house.

P PAUL MARTIN
Pat isn't quite ready yet to play hardball with a \$1.5 over \$5 billion as health care Canada in softwood lumber dispute. Is he sending trade war, or an even worse later? (See No. 2 spot on Pat Robertson's hit list.)

Y YELLOW
Quebec told to allow sale of yellow magazine after decades of forcing it to be sold in yellow wrappers. Last line: "cubans." Quick police change utility as protesters deny farmers known to grow political seeds—and not with margarine.

HEALTH

BRAIN GAIN For the first time in over 35 years, more Canadian doctors returned home to practice than left for greener pastures abroad, the Canadian Institute for Health Information reported. It also found the number of doctors in Canada rose by five per cent between 2000 and 2005, keeping pace with population increases. But Canada's physicians are getting older on average, and the proportion of young doctors entering the system has been dropping.

FETAL PAIN Abortion foes were up in arms as California scientists said fetal brains are not wired up enough to feel pain before 28 weeks, or 6½ months, in the womb, also that proposed U.S. rules to counsel abortion-counselors about fetal pain are misguided and may harm mothers who take unnecessary medications.

CANADA

TERROR LAW As in Britain and the U.S., Canada's Supreme Court will hear a challenge to this country's national security certificate, a procedure that allows Ottawa to indefinitely hold alleged security threats and deport them without disclosing the evidence against them to anyone but a judge. The test case involves Montrealer Adil Charkaoui, a Moroccan jailed for 21 months on allegations he was once an al Qaeda



ALBATROSS For once, apparently, a pair of albatrosses, this bird seems a bit like Al Pacino. And her boyfriend does. Al Pacino, who died together in a car crash in 1977, is to be displayed in Toronto, the London show event by Al Pacino's conspiracy-busting father.

training camp in Afghanistan. One of five Muslims held at a security risk, Charkaoui denies the charges and was released in February after four hearings, and several prominent Canadians put up money for bail.

TORONTO AND Quebec's Court of Appeal struck down part of a federal law prohib-

ing cigarette companies from advertising at sporting and cultural events. Tobacco company parties are still banned from producing lifestyle ads. But the court said if a law can't stop kids' gangs from wearing their colours, it shouldn't be able to outlaw any firm lending its name to a public event.

SALMON For the first time, there will be no commercial sockeye fishery on B.C.'s once abundant Fraser River, federal officials decided. Blaming higher than usual ocean temperatures and overfishing in the past, only about five million sockeye are making their way back to spawn, less than half what conservation authorities had expected.

MICHAËLE REAN The continuing controversy over whether the new governor-general fitted with Quebec separatism in the past seems to be taking a toll on her popularity. A new poll by Decima Research saw support for Michaëlle Jean's appointment plunge from 59 to 38 per cent over a two-week period. However 56 per cent said her previous sentiments shouldn't bar her from the job if she's nominated to Canada today.

UNRAVING In a bit of wartime lore, Canada interned approximately 5,000 Ukrainian-Canadians during the First World War. Some were forced to do hard labour, and had their property confiscated. Describing it as a watershed in Canadian history, Paul Martin made a formal apology during a visit to Regina. Ottawa is offering \$25 million to the Ukrainians and other groups for memorials and educational exhibits.

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RELL



Life's Good LG

BY MICHAEL D. ADLER



RIDING TO THE RESCUE

After that incident with the vest, Harper's handlers strive to revive his image

HOW BIG A MEDIA buy would it take to make voters forget a politician wearing a too snug leather cowboy vest? This was the unspoken question that hung in the air as the Conservatives launched a series of four new TV commercials aimed at shoring up Stephen Harper's image before the House resumes sitting on Sept. 27. The ads, which began running last week mainly in vote-rich Ontario, aim to rebound the Backward Hat Kid as the strong yet sensitive leader of a peaceful, multiracial and free society that's out to gain down the Liberals in an election expected early next year. It's a perilous undertaking to try to glean useful information about a party's strategy from a single ad campaign, but in this case the signals seem clear—and in some respects surprising.

The timing of the ad offensive is critical. Harper has endured a summer of miserable press reviews, symbolized by the widespread mocking of his appearance in ill-fitting western wear at the Calgary Stampede. So annoyed are his handlers at pundits who say Harper wasted the summer flipping burgers that he's officially issued a press release (see page 10), promising his more substantial speeches and meetings. Just who is attending to Harper's battered image, though, is unclear. He has lost a string of media sides in recent months. That in mid-August, his chief of staff, Phil Murphy, exited suddenly. Power appears to have shifted to Doug Finley, one of Harper's two deputy chiefs, who is also the party's director of political operations. By straddling the leader's office and the party machine, some Tories say Finley might be well positioned to coordinate a rapid-fire election-rebuilding plan.

The ads show the director Harper wants to go. The first thing that jumps out is what they are not about: government ethics and the sponsorship scandal. Instead, they focus on showcasing winning times for health care, cutting taxes, giving parents more choice in education, and helping immigrants enter



The leader with Ambrose (left) and Genuis (right) promoting more choice in child care

the workforce. That's a radical departure from only a few months ago, when Harper was angrily vowing to try to force an election over revelations of Liberal wrongdoing that surfaced in Justice John Genuis's inquiry into the federal sponsorship program. The decision not to make transparency a main theme in the ads suggests the Conservatives have accepted, at least for now, opinion poll evidence that Canadians no longer think the sponsorship affair is a top-of-mind issue.

That could change in the fall. Public outrage might rise again when Genuis issues his report, dated for early November, on what happened in the sponsorship millions.

THE Conservatives appear to have accepted poll evidence that the sponsorship scandal is no longer a top-of-mind issue

his recommendations for policy changes are to follow in December. Prime Minister Paul Martin has promised to call an election within 30 days of that final report, which means Conservative struggle to be called to the polls in February. But rather than mounting an election campaign by a June time slot, it will be about that scandal, the Tories are hedging their bets with the new ads, trying to build up their credibility on other policy files.

The ads are all in the same style. Hand-held cameras unsteadily follow the give-and-take as Harper talks policy with some of his most intelligent MPs. The setting is a storefront constituency office, and the atmosphere is one of false informality, clinically scripted. While politicians are performers of a sort, these ads remind us that's not the case in being actors. Playing themselves, Harper and his supporting cast display talents that rise to above the level achieved in these home equity loan ads that ran so often on Newsweek. To be fair, they are not working with dead-end lines "Hey, Jay," Harper calls out to MP Jim Prentice in one exchange, "how long have the Liberals been in power?" "Twelve years,"



Harper wears the media in cowboy garb before the Calgary Stampede parade

Prentice responds gleefully. It's not clear if Harper is just teasing him, or if the idea is that he stand for him as a willing repository of candour and figures. At another point, Deputy Leader Peter Mackay seems on the verge of cracking up, script-style, as he beams Liberal health policy.

If the dialogue is weak, the scenes might still get some a few key messages. Harper is presented throughout as a team player, not the isolated figure he's often portrayed as

The reason for trying to emphasize the MPs around him is obvious: a recent poll by SES Research Associates found the proportion of Canadians who ranked him as the best potential prime minister of the federal parliament had plunged to 14 per cent from 27 per cent three months ago. Harper's minister appearances at the

last of his events were meant to present him as more approachable. But SES President Nik Mason says that tactic risked eroding his reputation for seriousness, which, if packaged properly, might be a key asset. "It is a recognition that the careful, articulate and intelligent, and yet people-orientated Harper can be seen as being a bit of a 'boring' figure," Mason says. "They shouldn't dress him up and make him be something that he's not."

The ads place Harper in a context that should be better with perceptions and expectations of him: policy guy banking over policies. But are those the right ones to be highlighting? Mason argues that the Tories should play to their strengths. "You have to stick with what works," he says. "For any Conservative leader, it has to be about fiscal issues and taxes and the economy." Only one of the ads, a pitch for lower taxes, hits a Tory near spot. The scheme on health, child care and immigration—all all about issues on which the Conservatives might face more voter suspicion. "Those issues that are outside of your franchise are issues to acknowledge," Mason says. "They are not issues that are going to firm up your own vote and swing voters to you."

Apparently, Harper doesn't see it that way. The ads side on the Liberals on their traditional social-policy turf. He's shown discussing child care with two young female MPs, Rena Ambrose and Helena Genuis. They promise more parental choice than the Liberal daycare policy. In the health ad, Harper shows the Liberal track record on wait times, and reassures that the public system is "the only one that any family has ever used." In one you missed it, that's an allusion to the fact that Paul Martin's physician's office, along with publicly covered care, privately insured services.

The ads are vague on the specifics of the coming "big showdown." Their success depends on whether the Ontario-based audience buys the overall picture of Harper who surrounds himself with a happy-looking group of MPs. Jennifer Rose, a Queen's University teacher and researcher on political advertising, expects voters to be on guard. "The use of friends and young MPs in the ads is such an obvious attempt to reframe the party as one that would appeal to younger people," Rose says. On the other hand, with the cowboy vote increasingly low, Harper needs to reach out for new support sources elsewhere.

CBC'S SPLIT PERSONALITY

The network never solved its identity crisis: Is it offering a service or selling a product?



IT WAS THE SECOND DAY of the CBC lockdown when the network's most recognizable face was asked to put it all in perspective. Just back from his coverage, and still with a couple of days' scuffle on his face, news anchor Peter Mansbridge stepped up to explain the forces that had brought the public broadcaster to a virtual standstill.

"What's at stake is the future of public broadcasting," he told reporters. "We have a vision, people walking around this building, and they have a

vision inside, and somehow those two visions have to meet." It was vintage analysis from a man who's made a career presenting measured commentary on major crises around the world. The backdrop is the proliferation of contract workers, with few benefits and no job security, that the CBC is increasingly relying upon to keep the sprawling network on the air. But the dispute, he explained, is philosophical, not technical.

Meaningful balanced journalism was only half right. The future of public broadcasting may well be at stake, and it nobody doubts that the positions on each side are based on ideology that the dispute at the heart of the CBC's work stopped is not based on the collision of two competing visions. It's the product of a single, fundamentally contradictory vision, ingrained in the CBC's culture: a mission statement shared by all, grouped by none.

Management and union are almost indistinguishable when they talk about the value of public broadcasting, and CBC's need to "infect Canada to Canadians." But beneath those words there is a basic inconsistency that has never been resolved in the CBC: a public service, or is it a competitive media outlet? This inherent split personality—between the values of mission and ideals of public service—has created three distinct worlds under the CBC banner: First, there is the stable news and current affairs operation

Then there's the highly profitable but culturally irrelevant programming like pro sports and imported serials. Those are maintained largely to subsidize CBC's Third World—at present mostly money-losing mass entertainment shows. This uneasy coexistence has held for a generation. But now that the CBC's audience is being torn away by an ever-expanding range of choices on the dial, the cracks in this corporation are widening.

You can blame this, in part, on Brian Mulroney. After doubling the CBC's budget in the 1980s, the Mulroney Conservatives passed a new Broadcasting Act in 1991. But rather than clearly spelling out the goals and parameters of the national broadcaster,

RATHER than clearly spelling out the goals of the CBC, the government opted for a mushy catch-all mission statement.

the government opted for a mushy catch-all mission statement, built on the anachronistic mandate of providing "a wide range of programming that informs, enlightens and entertains." The specifics included the need to "actively contribute to the flow and exchange of cultural expression." It was a mandate that could mean anything,



and so, it added up to mean nothing.

Under successive presidents—Gérard Veilleux, Réjean Robitaille and Fernand Scott—CBC was a mix of top-notch news, current affairs and documentary showcases, supplemented by an ever-evolving lineup of prime-time dramas and comedies. And, of course, there were the lucrative sports franchises like Hockey Night in Canada to help pay the bills. But by the late 1990s, when faced with license renewal hearings before the CRTC, the CBC's masters came under pressure again to define what the CBC offered that the private sector could not.

So, the ex-Mulroney cabinet minister and then president of the network, responded with a staunch defence of the CBC's "anything and everything" approach. He pointed out the theme of cultural sovereignty, and repeatedly presented his network as the bulwark against an onslaught of mindless American soap infecting the Canadian airwaves. To those who urged the CBC to be more in focus, and to shun commercial fluff

Robert Filkins (left) promised to create a "public service brand" when he took over as CEO in 1998, but the CBC still relies on a mishmash of news, light entertainment and sports.

in favour of programs more central to its public service roots, Scott was defiant.

"We reject the argument that we should become an after service that focuses on general programming and concentrates only on what the commercial sector does not want," he told an audience of journalists and politicians in June 1999, near the end of his tenure. "That is not only a short-sighted but also potentially perilous venture. Nothing should be beyond the CBC's scope or interest." And so, nothing was.

But by then the winds were shifting, and with a new man at the helm, there was hope for fundamental change. In May 2000, new CEO Robert Robertson finally acknowledged the CBC was broken. "We have two fundamental problems: a financial crisis in the short term and an identity crisis in the long term," he told the Commons Standing Committee on Canadian Heritage. "If the

CBC was a private sector company I would say it was structurally flawed, and unless it addressed those structural problems it would be on its way to bankruptcy." With that, Robertson unveiled a new strategy that emphasized distinctiveness over competition, and public service over commercial reality. The CBC had for so long been a mishmash of light entertainment and service-oriented programs without a unifying vision. He promised to build the CBC into a distinctive "public service brand" and one of his first moves was to trim the amount of advertising on The National newscast.

Suddenly a new role for CBC managers to adopt: their beloved network had deep and serious problems. In October of that year, Gerald Stauder, who was nearing the end of his term as chair of the CBC's board of directors, told a management conference in Montreal that CBC's attempt at private-



style marketing of a public service institution had created "an extreme difficulty, which we have not yet solved."

"How," he asked, "do we check whether results have been achieved if we are not even unanimous in our definition of success?" In the private sector, success means rising profits, market expansion and strong investments. But how should a public broadcaster be judged? On ratings? Awards? "Should an upscale production that wins several international prizes but runs out of net to be cost-effective be regarded as a success or a failure?" Whether the result is or not, Stauder had put her finger on the issue that plagued the CBC for decades, eroding morale and fueling public cynicism. Unfortunately, the CBC would never get any closer to solving the problem.

By 2001, the stress was out of Robertson's system. He was still providing to focus the network on programming that the private sector couldn't or wouldn't provide. But the daunting contradictions



CBC TV'S POINT MAN

Richard Stammers, executive vice president of CBC Television, is the network's pointman in its ongoing efforts with *Maclean's*. Last week, he spoke with *Maclean's* senior editor Steve March about what's at the heart of the contest, and what's at stake for the broadcaster.

Why is this issue of contest below so critical to the CBC?

This is the most important cultural institution in the country. We've been working very hard over the course of the last little while to try to show that the CBC is a participant in the most difficult broadcasting environment in the world. If you're making a show, you live the producers and directors and put them under contract for the life of the show. If it then under contract, then the contracts are over at the same time as the show and you have to move on to the next thing. That's our situation. We get the best possible talent and it's hard possible fit between talent and program requirements.

How long can the CBC go on as it is?

Well, CBC Radio is obviously a completely separate offering. And the Audienters are dramatically less, so they are going to come back. I think, as soon as radio is back up again. As far as television is concerned, it is a slightly more difficult business because there is a level of competition in television

that is much more severe. But, while it is obviously difficult while it is not doing anybody any good, I think that when people see what's possible when we finally get back on the air, they'll be enormously attracted and we will be able to recover significant share.

Even if this stretches on for months?

I don't think it's going to stretch on. That would mean we're most unfortunate and most unlikely. I hope it is going to be concluded in the next two or three weeks.

It seems to me there's a contradiction underlying this dispute that has to do with mandates. Is CBC a public service or a competitive media outlet?

It's a public service, but let me put it to you this way: you can't have a public service without a public. The one area where Canadians have not done well is in entertainment programming. One of the things we're working on is to get TV people to create original content that will really deeply resonate with Canadians. We think that's a profoundly important cultural objective. Some people will say there's a contradiction between being a public broadcaster and looking for an audience, but I don't think so. I think they're the same.

What about just lowering, or public service news, current affairs, documentaries and other arts programming?

Well, we just disagree with that. This is the most important medium in the world, and we're looking at it as an institution that is an entertainment program. We are not looking at it as an entertainment program. It's simply saying "we can't do it" it has been done, it can be done.

Why not go to the CBC Radio model and remove commercial advertising?

That would be great, except, if you do that, our ability to finance news and comedy and drama would diminish in an important way. I don't think there's anything intractable about making programming that's broadly popular a mix of programming that matters to Canadians. I think that's a huge disclosure. If you make things that are popular and are distinctly Canadian, people will watch in large numbers. I reject the idea that there's a choice to be made between what's broadly popular and what matters culturally.

had slipped back into his message. Held reversed, like theory, so talking in circles about providing an "essential public service" that competes in a "challenging market," while ensuring the same "standards of efficiency" against networks. He pledged to "sign more maximum value out of operations and investments" without ever explaining how a public broadcaster could ensure "value" when even expected revenues by 2000 million a year. He said the CBC "needed to make a marks merchandise and low commercial" but went on to say the network was "open for business."

"Let me be clear here," he said. "Advertising has a critical place on CBC schedules. Ad revenues remain vital to our success." He bragged about an campaign on Hockey Night in Canada for Hockey Day, in which viewers were invited to send in pictures of their beloved rinks—an ingenious exercise that generated more than 100,000 pictures. That was not what he was proud of. So much for Canada's "public service brand."

Despite all the talk of developing distinctive programs that reflect the regional content of Canadian culture, the CBC has largely stuck to its long history of repeat programming. Since DeWitt's impact may have provided the CBC program in the U.S. but when the CBC had success with American *Roundhouse*, the CBC covered its own version. And all the lawyer shows on American networks like *Ally McBeal* and *The Practice*, the CBC mimicked them at *Whodunnit*. CBC pulled TV series like *Whodunnit*, and with *TV pulling key writers with Canadian*, CBC came up with *Making the Cut*, brought to you by Bill Canale.

Some of this programming is arguably pretty good, but it's hard to see how any of it was created. *Whodunnit* is a CBC creation. It's even more difficult to figure how a show like *DeWitt's Impact* is a need that was already satisfied by *TV's* *Gold Squad* or *Global Television's* police series *Blue Murder*. It gets even more difficult to figure out how you know that every episode of *DeWitt* costs about \$1 million to produce but attracts less than \$100,000 in ad revenue. And perhaps it's best not to even try justifying the daily offering of the *British Soap Convention*—a soap opera case, so it might be defensible. If the CBC's commercial model were working, but it's not. In 1998, the network had revenue of \$383.3



DeWitt's Impact had some of the CBC's prime time shows. Executives estimate it costs about \$1 million per episode to produce, and attracts less than \$100,000 in advertising.

million in 2004, that had dwindled to \$281 million—a drop of 26 per cent. And when 2005 figures are released, they'll be even worse because the CBC lost its most lucrative advertiser when the NHL looked for the hockey season. The network's government funding, meanwhile, has risen from \$702 million to \$923 million over the same period. But rather than showcasing the network to get more distinctive, less commercial and to break free from its current competition for mass audiences, the CBC in essence seems to have hardened the slide in revenue to the loss of its money makers, and its obsession with keeping costs down—by relying on more on temporary and contract labour, for example.

The network is producing some drive-in shows that arguably fit with a public service enterprise. But the historical drama *Shogun* about the 17th-century Japanese invasion of Japan, for example, was a huge critical and ratings success. That may explain the CBC's decision to sell the rights of the series because of its \$23 million price tag and lack of corporate sponsorship. Only after two million people tuned in did the network's lawyers start putting their toes on the back for "making a hit" on

such a bold and important piece of work. Somehow they held on to the notion that *A People's History* was a risk, but not on the air. After years after the CBC is finally past programming.

It's clear for the CBC to just assume the identity crisis that *Robinson* identified the year ago. During the big money trials, and the biggest money trials, and focus on the way public service elements to be. That's the recipe that *Maclean's* studio from a role into the turning point in it today. There would be no room, and money, to produce shows like *Shogun*, *A People's History* and even a few topical shows like *First Mirror's* *Report*. That there would be no more going into failed commercial projects, and money to exploit the news for reasons to accommodate the NHL playoffs. At last, the CBC would be focused, stable and respected.

Mainbridge and many others at the CBC may think the two sides in this dispute are not only full common ground and much a trust on contract work, but that sort of thinking is what gets them into this mess in the first place. One vision must win, or—decisively will for good. On the CBC's side a service or a product? Any deal that leaves that question unresolved is just an affirmation of the dysfunctional status quo.

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A TIME TO DIE

Is the Dutch model of euthanasia—even for infants—the solution when suffering can't be relieved?

KAREN KNOTTENBELT was 33 when she found out her father, Hans, was going to die. He had been diagnosed with ALS, amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, or Lou Gehrig's disease. They both knew that slowly the nerves affecting his muscles would deteriorate until he was almost paralyzed. First he would lose his ability to walk, then to sit up by himself, speak and swallow. Eventually he would die by suffocation. But his mind would remain intact and he would be fully aware of what was happening to him.

A few years went by and the disease took its inevitable course. Hans held on to his old

life in the Netherlands as much as he could. He ran his friends to play bridge although he could no longer hold his cards, he went to parties and on fire drills even when he could barely walk. But eventually, he was confined to a bed or a chair. Nights were the most difficult time. Hans could lie flat for one or two hours. But then fluids would accumulate in his throat and, in a terrifying breath-holding phase he knew he would die, he would struggle for breath, flailing as an alarm bell inside him that would wake his wife or one of his children to come and clear his airway.

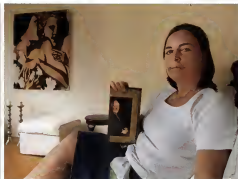
"My dad woke up in the evenings like a scared rabbit," Karen recalls. "He was so scared. Not scared of dying, but scared of suffocation, of the way he would die. The worst thing was that you could see someone who you love to death, that's a full grown-up, with fear in their eyes because they can't breathe anymore, because they can't get the oxygen that you need in your body. That turns us inside."

Hans and Karen confronted a situation that thousands of Canadians face every year. They knew Hans would die soon, and they could hope and pray for an easy death, or maybe even a heart attack. But doctors told them this would not happen, and deep down they knew this, too. Still, Hans was Dutch and his

view of the Netherlands. So there was another option open to him.

Euthanasia is permitted in Holland and certain conditions are met—most notably if the patient's request is voluntary, and if the doctor who ends the patient's life and at least one other physician with no connection to the case are convinced the suffering is unbearable and that there is no hope for improvement. Hans decided he wanted to choose how and when he would die. His doctor agreed to help. Other physicians were consulted and Hans was asked repeatedly if he was sure this was what he wanted. He said it was.

Hans's pain and fear reached a point where he felt he couldn't live in continuation. One day he told his family "I'm finished here." His loved ones gathered around him one last time. His wife was there, as was Karen, her brother and her sister-in-law. Hans was propped up in a chair and the rest of the family sat around him. "He told us to be happy we would have many more dinners like this," Karen says. "I don't think any of us could really grasp what was going to happen. You know that at that point is the last time you have together, but you don't do anything special, because in the course of these years everything is already said. My dad knew what we wanted out of



life. And he had already told us everything that he wanted us to know about him and about what he wished for us."

After dinner the doctor asked Hans where he would like to die. The doctor put his lethal medication in a different room so Hans would not need to see them. Hans begged his wife and his children and lay

down on his bed. The doctor put seven drops of the lethal drug into a syringe, then added a drug to stop his heart. "I think it's one of the most beautiful things I've seen in my life—someone you love so dearly pass away so peacefully," Karen says. "The most special moment was the way my dad lay on the bed and he could see my mom and me and

Karenbelt left) calls her father's death a beautiful, a massive demonstration against euthanasia in Holland in 2001.

my brother and my sister-in-law. And he looked at us with such grateful eyes and such a thankful way. He smiled at us. And he was actually smiling."

CANADIANS suffering from a similar condition as Hans's have no legal option to die in the same way. Euthanasia is illegal in Canada, as it is in most parts of the world. Holland, however, is the most permissive country on Earth when it comes to euthanasia. It has been legal there, under certain conditions, since 2002.

The law permits adults to choose death over continued treatment for terminal and painful conditions. For example, Dr. Eduard Verhagen, clinical director of the department of pediatrics at the University Medical Centre in the Dutch city of Groningen, says patients wishing suffering deaths can be relieved by drugs that cause them to die.

He's referring to infants. Last year the Groningen hospital published the fact that in 2000 it had drawn up a protocol, in consultation with the Dutch prosecutor's office, that specified when a suffering infant might be killed by a doctor. Among other conditions, the baby must have an inoperable illness, its suffering must be unbearable, and both parents must give consent. The hospital also declared that, after implementing the protocol, there ended the lives of four sick infants.

In total, 22 cases involving infants in Holland have been reported to the Dutch ethics advisory office by various hospitals in the past seven years.

When this news was made public, Verhagen, a pleasant and soft-spoken father in his early 40s, was flooded with hate mail and critical letters from all over the world. Many compared him to a Nazi. A former Republican congressman, Bob Barr, wrote

in the *Washington Times*: "Were he attempting to escape Allied justice today, Dr. Joseph Mengele, the Nazi 'Angel of Death,' would not have to make his way to the jungles of Brazil; the Netherlands would probably welcome him with open arms. It's the new 'Death Train.'"

Reminded of these comparisons while sitting in his sun-filled office, surrounded by children's paintings, Verhagen remains calm and cool. A foot under his seat lies an adolescent. He's heard all this before and says he doesn't take it personally. But it clearly still bothers him. Verhagen says the lives of severely ill and suffering infants are routinely ended by doctors all over the world. He was simply trying to drag a hidden practice into the open so it can be properly reviewed and regulated.

"There is a practice in the Netherlands. There is a practice worldwide," he says. "I think one of the main questions for every country is, if you have a hidden practice of euthanasia in adults, or the secret ending of lives in children, what is your approach to

PEOPLE in Holland have been forced to talk about deliberately ending the lives of suffering newborns

that? Are you going to leave it because it's hidden? Or are you going to regulate? What is typically Dutch is that we try to regulate it. We try to regulate it by making a system that works, so we get these hidden cases to the surface."

In this goal Verhagen has only partially succeeded. People have been forced to talk about deliberately ending the lives of suffering newborns, and no doctor who has followed the criteria set out in this so-called Groningen protocol has been prosecuted. On the other hand, Verhagen estimates that 80 per cent of cases in which a doctor ends the life of a suffering child are not reported. And killing an infant, no matter how sick and no matter how much the child is suffering, is still technically illegal.

Verhagen was never driven solely by a desire to limit or end legal regulations. Four years ago, he was approached by distraught parents whose baby had a rare and horrifyingly slow disease and was in a lot of

pain. Her skin did off when touched. She had no chance of living very long. The parents wanted to end her pain, even if that meant ending her life.

Verhagen and his team of doctors did all they could to confirm that the child was suffering with no chance of relief. But they also approached the local prosecutor, who informed them that he could not guarantee they would not be charged with murder if they ended the child's life. Verhagen felt he had no choice but to refuse the parents' request. Their child died, presumably at great pain, some six months later. "This did not feel very good," Verhagen says. "We had the idea that we had not delivered the best care for this child."

Today, Verhagen does not need to face the same dilemma, nor do the Dutch parents of children who are dying in pain—they can rest assured they won't be prosecuted if they follow the protocol. This tract to get the process in shape—it's emotionally gut-wrenching for everyone involved. "Can you imagine such a situation that parents come to you asking for the death of their child?" Verhagen says. "This is really unbelievable. But it happens. And it shows more or less how severe the suffering is. It's terrible to witness it."

If there is any relief in the process, Verhagen says, it can be found, for doctors and parents alike, at the moment of a suffering infant's death. "When you see happen," he says, "is children who were up to that moment tense and in pain and very unhappy, you see them getting quiet and peaceful, and they fall asleep. You see it in their faces. Their medical things stop. They fall asleep, and gradually they stop breathing."

POLLS SUGGEST that it is wide support in Holland for euthanasia and for ending the lives of suffering adults that brings oppositionists out to meet. Bert Donceel, president of the Dutch Christian anti-euthanasia group Cry for Life, says talking someone, regardless of how much pain they are in, is a disarming tactic. His office is in an Amsterdam suburb, a filled with books about the Holy Land, saintly women stories of pregnant women, and Israeli flags. He leans across a large wooden table to emphasize his point. "Nobody," he says, "should have the right to any circumstance to take the life of someone else."

Like many opposed to euthanasia, Don-



Verhagen acted after learning he could be charged with murder for ending a child's life.

ceel fears the so-called slippery slope: the idea that authorizing medical and terminally ill will open the door to doctor-assisted suicide for those who are healthy. In Holland, there are not panicked fears. Right on the Netherlands is a large and well-funded pro-euthanasia lobby group. Its chief executive officer, Rob Joergensen, believes that those who are not sick but who "suffer from life" should also have the right to end their own lives with the help of a doctor.

He says there are people, usually elderly and lonely, who are not sick but who see no point in continuing to live. Their friends and relatives have died and they think there is no prospect of their own lives getting better. "These people are not psychologically ill, but they have that wish," Joergensen says.

"The reason for the suffering is not important. It's the suffering that is important. In a sense, a person who suffers from life can suffer as much as a person who suffers in life because of cancer."

Donceel is appalled by the implications. "When someone has a problem in their life,

we should not solve the problem or ease the problem by killing the person, but be full of mercy," he says. Donceel blames the widespread acceptance of euthanasia and abortion in Holland on the country's secularism. But he also traces support for euthanasia to the Dutch tradition of tolerance. "We have been a tolerant country through the years. We have been a country of refuge," he says. "We've said, okay, okay, okay—well, people should have the right to abort a child. Free sex, free drugs, free euthanasia—from a tolerant society. And now we have become intolerant of evil."

Joergensen also thinks there is something innately Dutch about supporting euthanasia. He links it to the Dutch concept of *polderen*, which he says roughly translates as tolerance of even legally dubious practices, as long as they can be morally justified. The Dutch manage problems, he says, they don't fight them. For Joergensen, Holland's civil spirit is a metaphor for Dutch culture—it doesn't try to stop the water flowing in from France and Germany, it uses it away from trouble.

Both Donceel and Joergensen may have a point. While a few other countries permit



euthanasia—Belgium and Switzerland, for example—only the Dutch are so eager to codify its practice. They seem to value individual freedom and regulation in almost equal measure. This dichotomy is emblematic of the stress of euthanasia. Both drugs and prohibition are legal, but strictly controlled. Provisions in the practice and push-up arms

VERHAGEN has dozens of letters from people whose relatives euthanized decades ago

back as powerfully than the windows of roadside malls. But none can be found on the cobblestone streets, which are interlarded with young and old on bicycles adorned with bells and water balloons.

Coffee shops openly peddle scotch 16 different brands of marijuana. But a recent who lights up a pipe in a nearby nightclub is rebuked by the manager for breaking the rules—pipe smoking is not allowed there. It's an approach to life that can last easily with

some Dutch citizens than others. "It looks like a beautiful city," says my cab driver, Donk, who was born in Turkey and says he is considering moving back there to meet his kids. "But it's also the worst in Europe for a lot of bad things—prostitution, drugs. If you lose your way here, you may never find a again."

VERHAGEN SAYS that after he went public, in addition to the hate mail and threats, he received dozens of letters and emails from people whose relatives were unofficially euthanized decades ago by willing doctors. He was even contacted by parents who had killed their own severely sick and disabled children. He says both groups told him the most difficult thing was the silence that greeted them from talking about their loss. They couldn't grieve, because they couldn't tell anyone what had happened.

It is almost certain that euthanasia is on occasion, unofficially practiced in Canada, as well. And those involved face the same fear and shame. Indeed, the line between euthanasia and palliative care is often blurry. "Joanne," a resident physician in the

Kenn and Hans Kristensen at their last family dinner before he ended his life.

intensive care unit of a major Canadian teaching hospital who asked that her real name not be used, explains that euthanasia is often used to ease the pain of dyspnea. "You see them struggle in bed, and you just give them more morphine so needed to keep them comfortable," she says. "But the more morphine you give, the more their respiratory system starts to function, and eventually you reach a toxic dose."

It's not the morphine that kills the patient directly, she adds, among cautioning that this would be illegal. But in choosing the body, the drug can weaken the patient's ability to breathe in enough oxygen. "The body then stops fighting a losing battle. The majority of Joanne's parents in the intensive care unit are elderly and not destined to leave the hospital alive. Every day the caregivers discuss, sometimes heart-breaking, choices about when a patient's quality of life has diminished so much it is no longer worth intervening radically to keep that patient alive."

What Joanne has most is saving time. She doesn't want to spend the process themselves. They might be able to reduce certain treatments, or decide to leave the hospital to die at home. But surely can they decide easily how and when they want to die. "I find often that people seem to have guilty feelings about leaving their loved ones go," she says. "It's an emotional time, and after we're free with." They ask us to consider meeting a condition, when we know a few facts. Then this often leads to come to terms with the family member's illness, and so we continue to give them time to cope with the unbearable situation.

"Think of Joanne's mother who died of multiple sclerosis," Joergensen says, "or anyone, for that matter, who is dying of an incurable illness. What they want is time to say their final goodbyes to everyone. Once that has been done, and everyone is at peace and ready to let the person go, why could we not also in several cases to simply give a nice dose of a general anesthetic, and allow the person to calmly go into a deep sleep and stay away? That means so much more to those who are then watching people languish for days, week after week. Death is a natural part of life. We need to embrace it and come to terms with it."

'WE ARE KILLING'

Experts say Canadian children are dying as a result of increased morphine doses

CANADIAN EUTHANASIA advocates in general shy away from the question. But it's clear that the wrenching debate over the mercy killings of infants that has gripped the Netherlands may soon erupt in Canada. We've already experienced something similar: the case of Saskatchewan farmer Robert Lethbrun, who killed his severely disabled daughter Tracy, 13, in 1999 and was ultimately sent to prison for 10 years. And health care insiders have

long acknowledged that, while euthanasia remains illegal here, the lives of terminally ill and suffering adults are being quietly but routinely ended. Now, some are saying that it's also happening to infants and children. "It's constant and it's done in silence," says Eike-Henner Kluge, a philosophy professor at the University of Victoria who specializes in medical ethics. "Of course it's not passive, because we are giving narcotic analgesics—so in fact we are killing. But it is professionally and ethically appropriate under these rare circumstances."

Often, the deaths are the result of morphine, Kluge says. But even if others deny that what's happening is actually a deliberate act of killing, it's clear that there's a grey area in Canadian medical ethics. "If you decide the child is in great discomfort, and we're going to double the dose of morphine without carefully increasing it incrementally, one would probably be interpreted as having the intention to end the child's life. It would be inappropriate," says Christine Harrison, director of the newborn department at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children. But Kluge and larger doses of morphine are carefully administered, the add, "with the intention of relieving discomfort in the child—and that plus may or may not result in the child proving a little bit earlier than they might otherwise have done—than's seen as morally acceptable."

One nurse at a large hospital who works with critically ill children nod, "I don't think anyone's hiding anything—this is open in the open. There's no reason for a child to suffer." The nurse, who asked to remain anonymous, called for protocols dealing with child euthanasia. "That's where the debate would continue—and it probably be explosive. It



Lethbrun, holding Tracy, is in prison for ending the life of his severely disabled daughter

would include voices such as that of Ruth van Paalen, spokesperson for the Toronto-based Right to the Society of Canada, who isn't afraid to support euthanasia for children and says, "There is no age limit on the ability to suffer." It would also call to the fore pro-life groups, who reacted angrily to the announcement out of the Netherlands. And it would also feature prominent figures from the medical community, such as Dr. Paul

Thiessen, a Vancouver pediatrician and director of the spine holding program at British Columbia's Children's Hospital in Vancouver.

Noting that many of the euthanized infants in the Netherlands suffered from spina bifida, Thiessen says the issue of euthanasia is "something we feel pretty sensitive about." While children with spina bifida have many quality-of-life issues, he says, they rarely suffer pain—and he's "never had a parent ask or indicate they want their child euthanized." If Dutch infants with spina bifida are being euthanized, Thiessen says, "what about all those other kids with severe newborn deformities? You're definitely on a slippery slope."

For now, though, the issue is out of the public eye in Canada. And in Ottawa, euthanasia in general, never mind the specific question of infants, remains a touchy subject. Last fall, as the wake of a number of high-profile assisted-suicide cases, Justice Minister Irwin Cotler suggested that Ottawa might need to look more closely at the matter. Last week, his director of communications tried to define what that meant. "When the minister mentioned a note for parliamentary debate, he was talking about a 'note re: debate,'" said Debbie Radulski. "Typical of a better word, children's term: Parliamentarians will take an issue and throw it out in a debate, but that's not it." And the added catch, as of now, there is no Justice Department answer to dump on such a debate.

Others say it's desperately needed. Kluge, for one, believes children have to be changed, to acknowledge the reality that exists in many Canadian hospitals and to protect doctors and nurses. "Strictly speaking, if the Criminal Code were to be amended, any time a child is allowed to die and its suffering is eased with appropriate medication, that would constitute homicide. The medical profession is always under the threat of possible prosecution."

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POLIO'S LAST STAND

India wages war on the disease in the largest health campaign in human history

AS THE SUGAR CANE FIELDS flooded and water rose toward the village of Adampur and its 3,000 inhabitants, Dr. Ashok Talwar believed he was worried. Charged with eradicating polio in an area of India's Uttar Pradesh province known worldwide as a hotbed of hot spots for the paralyzing disease, Talwar feared his age (he's 60) and the monsoon rains (they descend through this district, 250 km east of New Delhi, India's capital) "The polio virus spreads easily in contaminated water," the Urmire-trained Talwar, 32, said while checking

children for vaccination marks. "There are a million and a half villagers in this district who use the fields as latrines. They don't have indoor running water. Every year, we see new polio cases once the rains begin."

Uttar Pradesh is at the top of the list of international risk zones for polio, a disease that once crippled 359,669 children annually. According to the Indian government and the World Health Organization have mounted an intensive vaccination campaign across the province, home to 230 million. In Talwar's district alone, more than 6,000 local health officials and volunteers have fanned out under his direction to vaccinate every child in every village. Seventy years after its emergence, health officials launched a

\$4-billion campaign to eradicate polio worldwide. India is now the key battleground.

The challenge is immense. With 165 million Indian children under 5 requiring vaccination, campaigns describe India's polio war as the largest health campaign in human history. Scores of government departments have teamed up with the WHO, UNICEF and an estimated 30,000 Canadian, American and Indian members of the Rotary Club to drive from 1,600 in 2002 to just 26 so far this year. "We're on the verge of a breakthrough," says Dr. Kailash Bhat, the WHO's coordinating supervisor for the 2.3-billion Indian rupee involved in the campaign. The spending on a day when two new cases of

polio were found in Uttar Pradesh, Bhat called his enthusiasm. With the monsoon season swelling down from mid-August, it will only become clear over the coming few months how many new cases have been eradicated this year.

On the ground in Adampur, villagers say something miraculous is happening. "There used to be new cases of polio in this village, or others nearby, every year," says a woman who goes by her name in Yashoda, standing in a doorway with her five-year-old son. Earlier in the day, vaccination workers for Talwar checked a confirmation of their visit to her home (her door). "We have heard of any cases at all this year," Yashoda says. "My own son is vaccinated every time the nurse comes through the village."

Although administering polio vaccines is normally straightforward—liquid doses are delivered orally with syringes or a rubber tube injected through needles—the vaccine themselves must be kept chilled, which creates just the first logistical obstacle in a

campaign conducted in rural areas where summer temperatures hover in the 40s and electricity is either unreliable or non-existent. Hospitals, such as the dilapidated one Talwar operates from, rely on diesel generators to keep vaccine refrigeration running despite no electric power one day. But that barely is an incidental worry, raised Talwar. "The real challenge," he said, while pointing to a barely visible explosion of mud and waste human droppings on a mango grove, "is finding the kids. That's especially tough when their parents have hidden them from us." And there was something else to consider, he added. "Because this area is so rocky, this year we aim to vaccinate the kids on eight different occasions. That means that every six weeks we'll be back here chasing these kids down all over again."

In Adampur, Talwar relies on Yashoda Karmayogi, a local health officer for the Uttar Pradesh government, to tackle occasionally bitter opposition to vaccination. Karmayogi didn't, Karmayogi says, but quite often, families across the government of using polio vaccines to cloak hidden population control messages. "We go to persuade people that their fears are wrong," says Karmayogi, who notes that vaccination surveillance teams posted along roadways can check and quickly vaccinate children outside their homes. In some instances, villagers have responded to the polio campaign with surprising requests. "There's a village near here that refuses to allow its children to be vaccinated until their unpopular tax inspector is removed and replaced," Karmayogi offers by way of an example. "We're saying to the government: to listen to them about that."

What may seem like a blood campaign life with parental problems is, unfortunately, anything but. Disease spreads easily in the modern age of travel and international commerce. In June, DNA tests on the virus behind a polio case in Angola, thousands of kilometers away on the west coast of Africa, linked the case to Uttar Pradesh. Last year, a case in Lebanon was similarly traced to India, sparking another worrying setback on the war for global eradication. "This is why we have to tackle this as a global issue,"



Polio, which left this boy barely able to walk, hinders with poor sanitation and hygiene

says Talwar's boss, Dr. Rajiv Singh, who coordinates polio campaigns across a region of Uttar Pradesh that's home to 60 million. "The moment we lose our focus here, we seem to have a virus outbreak somewhere else again."

As the polio campaign takes hold, workers in a myriad of densely populated villages, towns and urban slums, where literacy is as

thought we'd be conducting eight vaccination rounds again this year. We're years behind. So we're not talking about anything like big now."

With so many of India's health services linked, like polio, to water-borne bacteria and viruses, sanitation is increasingly focused on urban sanitation and public hygiene as underlying causes for millions of preventable deaths. Since Kallaraa's 2004 program funded by the New Delhi office of the Canadian government's International Development and Research Centre aimed at ending strategies to help women in its rural regions of India gain access to clean water. "There are almost never any sanitation measures taken in the villages," Kallaraa told during a recent visit to New Delhi. "Even here in the national capital, tap water is only available a few hours a day. A few kilometers outside New Delhi, women have to bring for water from under trucks. In the monsoon season especially, human waste gets into drinking water. It's India's biggest killer by far."

With the many issues just making now throughout Uttar Pradesh and northern India, Ashok Talwar remains cautiously optimistic that there will be no reports of major polio outbreaks in the coming months. The monsoon progress India has made against polio in recent years is remarkable. "We will beat polio," he says with winning conviction. "We're so close now, we can't let up the pressure—for even a day."



Talwar (bottom) has to search for some children before a parent's permission of vaccination; one of the 100 million people in India getting the vaccine

'HUMAN waste that gets into the drinking water during monsoon season—especially is India's biggest killer'

rice or medicine, electricity, telephones and paved roads, many health officials hope it will bring new efforts for further disease control. "Our experience with polio can be applied to many other common diseases, like measles, tetanus and diphtheria," says Singh. "We've already drafted a hepatitis plan based on the polio plans." But Singh cautions it's too early to replace the polio teams to attack India's other massive health problems, including HIV/AIDS and malaria. "People started seeing India had beaten polio last year," Singh recalls. "We certainly never

BOSTON PIZZA PARTY

A chain that began in Edmonton rules the burbs

AK, EDMONTON. You've given Canadians so much: the Gretzky-era Oilers, the West Edmonton Mall and... Boston Pizza. That's right, Boston Pizza. The name may sound as New England as the Kennedy and clan chowder, but its origins are actually as Alberta as cattle and crude. And like its native province, Boston Pizza's on a roll.

Gas Agrietta, the company's founder, came to Canada in 1958 as a sailor who jumped ship in Vancouver with only the clothes on his back and \$20 in his pocket. He chose Canada because it had "a good reputation as being soft with refugee people like me," he says. After six years working in various jobs for up to 20 hours a day, Gas opened the Boston Pizza and Spaghetti House in Edmonton in 1964. He says he settled on that tag for the simple reason that the name of the Texas and Red Sox made a nice acronym. As Agrietta once put it, his creation was "a Canadian company with an American name sponsored by Greeks serving Italian food."

The combination worked like a charm. By the time he retired in 1976, the business had grown to 42 restaurants across Western Canada. It was the company's very success, however, that had made Agrietta realize it was time to move on. "It was a good thing we sold," he says. "Now I could do a better job." In 1983, long-time franchisees Jim Thelwing and George Midville found investors willing to put up the \$3.6 million needed to take over the company. By 1997,



Toronto-area franchisee Clayton welcomes competition from rival food outlets

the two had bought out their silent partners, and today they control a business whose Canadian sales exceed \$400 million last year. "George and Jim got a helluva price for it but they've done an excellent job," says Agrietta. He has no regrets about

WITH over 200 outlets now operating, it has become the largest 'casual, sit-down dining' chain in the country

selling, only pride in what the company has become. "It's my creation, like a kid," he beams. "You always love your kid."

And there's plenty to love with over 200 outlets nationwide. Boston Pizza now rates itself as the largest casual sit-down dining chain in the country, bigger even than Swiss Chalet. The company's roots may be firmly in the West (its main headquarters are in Richmond, B.C.), but much of the expansion taking place today is in less familiar territory. July saw the opening of a Boston Pizza in Laval, the first in Quebec. There were also 29 locations in the U.S., from Alaska to Texas (the high note in Massachusetts), and even out in Mexico.

As for world conquest, plans are under way. Australia and Britain, "where fran-

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PLENTY TO WORRY ABOUT

Five nightmarish scenarios that could shatter the stock market

T.S. ELMOT called April the cruelest month, but it has historically been a good one for stocks. On a statistical basis, the cruelest months for investors are September and October, with September the worst of all. October is feared for its association with two crises—1929 and 2007. Think of September and October as the stock market's hurricane season. If there are going to be severe storms, they'll likely come then.

Since the market's last sell-off came suddenly, there is little likelihood that investors can predict whether this will be one of those years of pain. Nevertheless, at a time when global stock markets are behaving with the exuberance that has in the past preceded severe, widespread developments could come. Here's my list of five potential nightmares.

1. OIL SHOCK

The week market and the global economy have absorbed oil's rise from \$25 to around \$65 a barrel with impressive equanimity. However, with world supplies of oil in decline, a major Saudi refinery, or a new Arab-Israeli war could force north 2,000 points on the Dow-Jones Industrial Average—with

roughly similar effect in Canada. Oil shocks would also trouble, because investors would assume that far lower oil prices would be the ultimate outcome, and because they would sell stocks on which they had profits as they were forced to dump other sectors of their portfolios at a loss. How probable? Maybe Osama knows, but so far the rest of us, let's assign odds no worse than 50 to 1.

2. OIL DRAG

Although economists are collectively clumsy about the impact of \$60 oil on the economy, their confidence today belies their gloomy consensus in all prior years. Until late last

year, there was almost no provision a U.S. economist who was saying that the world economy could continue to prosper with \$50 oil. Indeed, some of the heavyweights, like U.S. Fed Chairman, argued that \$50 oil would harm U.S. economic growth due to European levels—one per cent or so.

Now, the U.S. consensus is that consumers can ride out expensive gasoline and heating costs because their homes' insulation then so largely that they can keep tapping their equity with loans to keep the economy rolling. My own estimate, half the growth in consumer spending in the past year has been financed by borrowing against soaring home values. The cost of a gallon of gasoline isn't a big deal when one's home is a equity as up by more than \$10,000 in a year.

But whose prices are keeping rising faster? The prospect of a deflating housing bubble, or—horror—a peaked bubble at a time of

record-high oil prices pushed the cost of fuel to new levels, as at this Halifax gas station

\$50 to \$65 oil, would surely be enough to knock the stock market for a loop. Odds against? At a guess, no better than 4 to 1.

3. A NEW 9/11

As the leader in the war on Islamic terrorism, the U.S. should be a target for all those youthful jihadists looking for an eternal talent to the 72 promised virgins. Although the U.S. is a lot more vigilant than, say, Canada, all the homeland defence spending in the world can't prevent another attack. Odds against? Let's guess at 50 to 1.

4. THE FED OVERDOES IT

Alan Greenspan is headed for retirement, and he wants to go out as the man who slow the speculative excesses that threaten the U.S. economy—notably the housing bubble. In all past periods of sustained Fed tightening, long-term interest rates rose. Most importantly, the yield on the 30-year treasury note, which serves as the base for a mortgage loan yield, always rose, and that cooled over-exuberant bidding in the housing market, along with other kinds of asset speculation. Not this time.

As what Greenspan calls "a co-conspirator," 30-year yields have actually fallen since he began making the Fed funds rate from its normal low level of one per cent to the current 5 per cent. In percentage terms, that's the most dramatic Fed tightening ever, but

5. A GLOBAL PANDEMIC

The flu virus now circulating among birds and animals from Indonesia to Siberia, known as H5N1, has the World Health Organization scared of a pandemic on the scale of the 1918 influenza that killed nearly 100 million people that died in the First World War. Among the new flu's characteristics is its 100-per cent mortality rate among chickens—over in minutes. Every flu known since 1918 has had modest or zero killing rates on humans.

Why is this important? Because the cloning technology for making vaccines is no longer what it once was. Scientists are working to create a broadly-based vaccine in time to avert catastrophe should this flu virus turn into a runaway killer that spreads from human to human. So far, there's no conclusive evidence the virus has achieved that bid, decisive recombinant of animal and human cells that would put the world's human population at risk. But optimism about its level could achieve this head-on in coming weeks, months or years. H5N1, although insignificant in its direct impact on H5N1, should have been a lesson about marketing defense against rapidly moving pathogens, but the world remains woefully unprepared.

Although human deaths from this flu to date only number 55 outside China (which does not release its numbers), it's

worm-torn: the mortality rate is 50 per cent, compared with three per cent for the 1918 outbreak. Scientists hope that day-high may well fall below the more moderate three per cent at the virus spreads across the world. They think it will "leak" that it does better by keeping most of its hours alive to spread the infection. Odds against such an outbreak? Unknowable, but not outrageous.

On balance, then, investors should remain optimistic. Odds are, we'll come through the fall without a capital-P Fall. All bear markets begin with excessive bullishness. We aren't there yet, but we're getting closer. Keep well-particularly if you have some cash in your brokerage account to buy suddenly cheap stocks.

Chicago-based Donald Cope is Global Portfolio Strategist, RBC Financial Group, donald@donaldcope.ca

ALL BEAR markets begin with excessive bullishness. We're not there yet, but we're getting closer.

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TAKING ONE FOR THE TEAM

AMONG WOMEN, the idea of a male birth control pill has always been a bit of a yuletide-wanted fantasy we like to indulge, particularly on days when our own ticked-off chemistry has made us fidgety and ill-humored. After all, what man is going to voluntarily limit his fertility and all manner of discomfort—just to a woman might experience consequence-free sex? It would seem to demand an impossible depth of altruism. Still, experts insist that, in one form or another, the male pill will be available in as little as two years, and that demand is greater than most people would have imagined. In fact, at this very moment, Oregon

and Schering AG, two European pharmaceutical firms, are sponsoring a series of clinical trials in the U.K. and across the continent, designed to test the effectiveness of what may be the most promising contender yet.

The quest for a safe, reliable and reversible form of male contraception has spanned more than 30 years and has taken multiple forms (pills, patches, implants, long-acting injections). It has also been littered with obstacles. Primary among them is male biology: In order for it to be a viable product, a male chemical contraceptive would need to be virtually 100 per cent effective—a hefty demand, considering your average man produces 100 million sperm every day, compared to the one egg per month that women produce. “If we had a drug for any other organ at 90 per cent efficacy—say to treat cancer—we’d be ecstatic,” says Dr. Bernard Balthazart, an expert in reproductive pharmacology at McGill University. “But if you have a drug that suppresses even 90 per cent of the sperm, you have no efficacy. Because you need very few sperm to actually have fertility.”

The product that Oregon and Schering are testing is not a pill, exactly (women have yet to produce a male pill that won't be broken down by the liver before it hits the bloodstream). Rather, it's a small plastic rod, implanted into the upper arm, that releases a steady dose of enoximone—a synthetic form of progesterone—directly into

the bloodstream. The user's sperm production is then shut down, and he is rendered completely infertile.

Unfortunately, when you introduce large amounts of man-made stuff into the male body, you also drastically decrease the production of testosterone, which can result in such side effects as weight fluctuations and sexual dysfunction. So, in addition to the enoximone implant, each of the 150 volunteers is receiving testosterone injections into their buttocks every 10 to 12 weeks. If the dosing is calibrated properly, experts say, the side effects should be minimal. “But you still get a low sperm production at the moment,” says Balthazart. “What this means is usually a reduction in testosterone and less fertility. They'll be a little bit floppy, basically.”

Which brings us to a second major obstacle—the obvious public relations challenge posed by such phrases as “fertility waxes.” A successful male contraceptive

THIS IS a way they can protect themselves from getting that phone call from a woman saying, “Guess what?”

needs to be virtually free of side effects, particularly sexual ones. “With men, weight and masculinity are central to the core of their identity,” says Robin Millsmaier, a sex researcher at the University of Windsor and host of the Life Nowhere's Sex, Type O? podcast. “Taking anything that might impact these things would be a very big deal. I wonder how many men would actually be willing to try such a thing.”

And yet, as a 1997 survey, the Kaiser Family Foundation, a U.S. non-profit group that



speaks as health research, found that 71 per cent of male respondents said they would be willing to try a non-surgical male contraceptive alternative. There is a demand for a middle ground between condoms (which are uncomfortable, uncomfortable and expensive) and a full-fledged vasectomy.

The initial target market for these drugs, says Balthazart, is men in their 30s and 40s in long-term, committed relationships. “They have had their desired family size, their spouse has another 15 to 20 years of potential fertility, and they don't want to have a vasectomy with irreversible surgery.” Also,

says Millsmaier, a man in this position might be willing to take some of the heat off his wife or girlfriend, particularly if she's over the age of 35, a smoker or overweight, and could be at extra risk for cancer or blood clots.

A more cynical person might argue that part of what's always driven the demand

Why men are warming up to the idea of a male contraceptive pill

and development of birth control is a mutual distrust between the sexes. In a study of Canadian women aged 18 to 34 by Ipsos-Reid, 65 per cent of women said they would never trust a man to take a male birth control pill, even if such a thing existed. When it comes to contraception, 76 per cent of them believe women are more responsible.

On the flip side, men are increasingly growing tired of women taking all the power over reproduction. Each year, more than a million births in the U.S. result from pregnancies that men did not intend, according to the National Center for Health Statistics and Cornell University. And thanks to advances in genetic testing, new studies are showing that paternal discrepancies (men unwittingly raising children who aren't biologically their own) are much more frequent than many might have imagined. A British study published in the September issue of the *Journal of Epidemiology and Community Health* found that, upon using paternity information available between 1998 and 2004, paternal discrepancy rates could be as high as one in 25.

“Basically, men are beginning to understand that things have changed,” says Dr. Warren Hurrell, a leading men's issues activist and author of recent books on gender relations. “In the old days it used to be that a woman's biology was a woman's destiny. So a woman was trapped by her biology. Today, a woman's biology is a man's destiny. All the power is in her hands.”

So far young men about town who have multiple partners and don't want to be saddled with a baby, a male pill—in addition to a condom—might be an excellent option.

“This is a way they can protect themselves from getting that phone call from a woman saying, ‘Guess what? We're not together for life!’” says Millsmaier. It's a little bit an arms race—not the most romantic thing in the world, but then neither is the white “I'm pregnant” test from TCI Fidelity's “Contraception.”

LADY KILLERS

Inside a secret network of scientifically trained seducers

BY HIS OWN ADMISSION, Neil Strauss is not your standard-issue pickup artist. An L.A.-based journalist—and the co-author of several franchised celebrity tomes, including *Medley Cee's The One and Only* (Jarvis Jarevis's *How to Make Love Like a Porn Star*—Strauss describes himself in grocery-list form: "I'm short and I'm bald. I have a big nose, a smoking chin and weird indentations on the side of my head") that put him in a bar filled with beautiful women, he says, and he transforms into a sort of superhero. A dark-horse *Casanova*. A seducer, taking back his human cargo.

Strauss wasn't born with these superpowers. In fact, only two years ago—single, miserable and in his early 30s—he had zero confidence with women. "I was an unhappy with myself," he says. "I used to feel women because they had this power over you so much you feel inadequate." Then one day, he received the phone call that would give his dating trajectory forever. An editor he knew asked him to take a look at an online guide to seducing women as fodder for a potential book. The next thing he knew, he'd stumbled into the heart of a covert online community of international pickup artists—self-sept members of seduction with names like *Mystery*, *Juggler* and *Twelvetimer*—who devote all of their waking hours to perfecting and teaching the science of scoring

Strauss embarked on a two-year crash course in advanced women training under the tutelage of this magick band of gurus, ultimately achieving MFUA (master pickup artist) status in his own right. He chronicles this journey—which consumed his life and landed him in "field training" workshops in Toronto, Montreal, New York, Belgrade and beyond—in explicit and often revolting detail in his controversial new book, *The Game: Penetrating the Secret Society of Pickup Artists*, in stores on Sept. 6 (*Entert.*, page 41).

In hindsight, what really blew Strauss away about this community was how organized and sophisticated it is in its methods. "These guys are like social scientists," he says. "They read a lot of books about evolution because they want to tap into the primal brain. They field test their techniques hundreds and thousands of times. They've really figured out what you won't find in psychology research papers or books."

Early on, still feeling a little embarrassed about the whole thing, Strauss shelved the US\$500 to take part in an L.A. workshop offered by one of the group's luminaries, a man known as Tarsius (born Alessandro named *Mystery*, whose *Mystery Method*

USA: But here's a 40 of Vancouver, is master of the "body heavy" technique

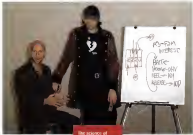


gives manipulating social dynamics in order to snag the most beautiful woman in any room." "It was like seeing *The Matrix*," he says of that first experience. "Everything was so counterintuitive. I learned that the more unmovable you make yourself, the more people would want you. The more you say, stop twirling your hair, the more you're just not my type, the more they'll actually chase you."

From Mystery, Stratus learned about "pickcocking" (dressing in flashy clothing and accessories to grab women's attention). He learned how to disarm an AMOG (alpha male of the group), and how to deliver an effective "leg" (this is shockbanded insult: used

on unsuspecting women ("I changed their names in the book so they could read it and say, 'Well maybe that wasn't me,'" he says). One night, he used his skills to out seduce Heidi Pitlor, the infamous Hollywood insider, who was trying to lure women into working for her at a bar in L.A. And for his pilot de maitre, while conducting a magazine interview, he managed to disarm and charm a cranky Jimmy Kimmel with rudimentary "chick crack" (subject of a spiritual or psychological nature—such as ideology and personality traits—that, he says, appeal to most women). By the end of their meeting, Kimmel had asked him for his phone number.

In 2003, emboldened by his success, Stratus was ready to take things to the next level. Along with Mystery and several other PUA's—including a Kingston, Ont., up-and-comer named Tyler Durden after lead Nick's Aylet Club character—Stratus would open Project Hollywood, a lavish L.A. mansion in which the seduction masters would live and offer workshops to pilgrims from all over the world. Here, they



The science of seduction: Stratus (left) and Mystery (right) are in L.A.

was only the beginning of Stratus's education. His appetite whetted, he moved on to study Ross Jeffries and his school of Speed Seduction, whereby a man uses subliminal language patterns to arouse the woman he's targeting (think *7*).

Mystery, the diagnostic character played by Ryan Reynolds in the *IT* Android film *Knives Out*, is said to have been based on Jeffries. The studied David DeAngelis's Double Your Dating techniques, in which a practitioner seduces his target through a combination of humor and amorous called "Pinky Perky." And he learned about Gamewatch and the Gamewatch Method, in which "the only thing students have to do is project stimulating sexuality and exude physical contact until the woman says then."

From a longshore style was creating and refining his own signature techniques. He began instructing disciples, neophytes within the community to whom he would offer counsel and encouragement. By this time, he had picked up, or "singed," hundreds of

would raise the art of picking up, from a partner to a full-fledged lifestyle. Soon, there was Project Austin, Project Portland, Project Sydney. Later, they would teach powerfully as their seduction experiment collapsed

in an explosion of clucking eyes and wounded pride. "I really felt like it turned into Lord of the Flies or something at the end," says Stratus, who has since moved in with his current girlfriend, Lisa, the nice woman who seemed impenetrable to his charms.

The Game, which has already been optioned by Columbia TriStar Films, is in many ways a triumph of misperception, though Stratus prefers to point it as an honest, heartfelt examination of male sexual frustration. "On the surface, it was about picking up women in a crass way," he says. "But beneath it, it's about to do that, you have to learn to love yourself if you expect other people to love you." Yes, self-love. And if you believe that, this guy also wants you to know another thing: It's not you, it's him.

EXCLUSIVE The Million's Excerpt



SELECT A TARGET

Mystery solved: 'I had no idea approaching a woman could be this easy'

As author Neil Stratus tells it in *The Game* (Regan Books/ HarperCollins), he has just arrived for his first how-to-pick-up women workshop. After an enlightening session at an L.A. hotel with Mystery and his "wing" man Sam, Stratus and his fellow students are about to try the Mystery Method out for themselves at a nearby club.

We piled into the limo and drove to the Standard Lounge, a well-viewed-guarded hotel hangout. It was here that Mystery shared my model of reality. Little I had once imposed on human interaction were estimated far beyond what I ever thought possible. The man was a machine.

The Standard was dead when we walked in. We were too early. There were just two groups of people in the room: a couple near the entrance and two couples in the corner.

I was ready to leave. But then I saw Mystery approach the people in the corner. They were sitting on opposite couches across a glass table. The men were on one side

One of them was Scott Baio, the actor best known for playing Clinch on *Happy Days*. Across from him were two women, a brunette and a blonde who looked like she'd stepped out of the pages of *Maxim*. Her cut-off white T-shirt was suspended so high into the air by fake braes that the bottom of it sat hovered, flapping in the air above a belly tightened by band-aids. The woman was Baio's date. She was also, I gathered, Mystery's target.

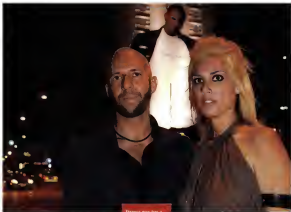
His intentions were clear because he wasn't talking to her. Instead, he had his back turned to her and was showing something to Lisa and his friend, a well-dressed, well-tended thirty-something who looked as if she smelled strongly of aftershave. I moved in closer.

"Be careful with that," Baio was saying. "It cost \$449,000."

Mystery had Baio's watch in his hands. He placed it carefully on the table. "Now watch this," he cooed. "I trace my stomach muscles, increasing the flow of oxygen to my brain, and..."

How it's done:
Thursday, August 25, P.M. 2 in a session at a Vancouver bar

'AS YOU'RE HEARING IT, YOU'RE THINKING, "THESE THINGS WOULD NEVER WORK ON ME"'



Mystery even has a girlfriend. (Lori Laverette/Courtesy Love's Lustiest)

As Mystery wiped his hands over the witch, the ace and I snickered naked. He waited 15 seconds, then wiped his hands again, and slowly the witch panted back to life—along with Bush's heart. Mystery's audience of first-timers fell asleep.

"Do something else!" the blonde pleaded. Mystery brushed her off with a yawn. "Wow, she's no demanding," he said, turning to them. "Is she always like that?"

We were witnessing group therapy in action. The more Mystery performed for the guys, the more the blonde demanded for attention. And every time, he pushed her away and continued talking with his two new friends.

"I don't usually go out," Bush was telling Mystery. "I'm over it, and I'm too old."

After a few more minutes, Mystery finally acknowledged the

blonde. He held his arms out. She placed her hands in his, and he began giving her a psychic reading. He was employing a technique I'd heard about called cold reading—the art of telling people truths about themselves

without any prior knowledge of their personality or background in the field, all knowledge—however obscure—is power.

With each accurate sentence Mystery spoke, the blonde's jaw dropped further open, until she started asking him about his job and his psychic abilities. Every response Mystery gave was intended to accentuate his youth and enthusiasm for the good life. Bush said he had no power.

"I feel so old," Mystery said, hating her. "How old are you?" she asked.

"37." "That's not old. That's perfect."

He waits.

Mystery called me over and whispered in my ear. He wanted me to talk to him and his friend, so keep them occupied while he hit on the girl. This was my first experience as a wing—a term Mystery had taken from *Big Gwe*, along with words like target and obstacle.

I struggled to make small talk with them. But Bush, looking nervously at Mystery and his date, cut me off. "Bill me this is all confusion," he said, "and he's not actually asking my girlfriend."

Ten long minutes later, Mystery stood up, put his arm around me, and we left the club. Outside, he pulled a cocktail napkin from his jacket pocket. It contained her phone number. "Did you get a good look at her?" Mystery asked. "That's what I'm in the game for. Everything I've learned I used tonight. It's all laid up to the moment. And it worked." He beamed with self-satisfaction. "How's that for a demonstration?"

That was all it took. Seizing a girl right from under a celebrity's nose—has-been or not—was a feat. Mystery was the real deal.

As we took the limo to the Key Club, Mystery told us the first two mantraps of pickup: the three-second rule. A man has three seconds after spotting a woman to speak to her, he said. If he takes any longer, then not only is the girl likely to think he's a creep who's been staring at her for too long, but he will start overthinking the approach, get nervous, and probably blow it.

The next mantrap we walked into the Key Club, Mystery put the three-second rule into action. Spotting up to a group of women, he held out his hands and asked, "What's your first impression of these? Not the big heads, the black tails."

As the girls gathered around him, he pulled me aside and regaled me with the club and an impressive first approach. A group of women walked by and I tried to say something. But the word "he" just barely squeaked out of my throat, not even loud enough for them to hear. As they continued past, I followed and grabbed one of the girls at the shoulder from behind. She turned around, startled, and gave me the withering white-creek look that was the whole reason I was so scared to talk to women in the first place.

"Never," she admonished me in his silken voice, "approach a woman from behind. Always come from the front, but at a slight angle so it's not too direct and confrontational. You should speak to her over your shoulder, so it looks like you might walk away at any moment. Ever see Robert Redford in *The Man Who Would Be King*? It's kind of like that."

A few minutes later, I spotted a young, ripe-looking woman with long, tangled blonde curls and a puffy pink ear-molding device. I decided that approaching her would be an easy way to redeem myself. I circled around until I was within 10 to 15 feet of her in front of her and walked in, snagging myself approaching a hare I didn't want to frighten.

"Oh my God," I said to her. "Did you see those two girls fighting outside?"

"No," she said. "What happened?"

She was interested. She was talking to me. It was working.

"Oh, two girls were fighting over this little guy who was half their size. It was pretty brutal. It was so weird, they were laughing as the police came and arrested the girl."

She giggled. We started talking about the club and the band playing there. She was very friendly and actually seemed grateful



TOOLS OF THE TRADE

BHY—noun or verb (demonstration of higher value), a routine in which the man asserts that he has a skill or attribute that makes his worth or appeal in the estimation of a woman or group. It is intended to make him stand out from the other, less interesting men in the club.

SUBTLY VALUES—verb phrase: to draw out, through conversation, what is important to a person, usually with the intention of reaching a deep inner desire that motivates them. In terms of seduction, eliciting values may have a more dramatic effect: a woman who says she is looking for a rich husband is actually just looking for a feeling of safety and security.

FREEZE OUT—verb or noun: to ignore a woman to make her seek validation, usually used as a technique to counter last-minute resistance.

IOI—noun (indicator of interest): a sign a woman gives a man that indirectly reveals she is attracted to or interested in him. These clues, generally another's smile and nod, include leaning toward a man when he speaks, asking questions, looking at him a conversation going, or squeezing his hand when he takes her hand in his.

PHASE-SHIFT—verb (to make the transition, during a one-on-one conversation with a woman, from ordinary talk to seduction, usually changed to touch, or body language, intended to precede an attempt to kiss).

THREE-SECOND RULE—noun: a guideline stating that a woman should be approached within three seconds of first seeing her. It is intended to prevent the man from thinking about the approach too much and getting nervous, as well as to keep him from creeping the woman out by staring at her for too long.

for the conversation. I had no idea that approaching a woman could be this easy.

She added up to me and whispered in my ear, "Go home."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Home?" the girl replied.

She reached behind me, picked up my arm, and placed it on her shoulder. "This is when you touch a girl," she whispered. I felt the heat of her body and was reminded of how much I love human

"TELL ME THIS IS AN ILLUSION, AND HE'S NOT ACTUALLY STEALING MY GIRLFRIEND"

contact. Pets like to be petted. It isn't sexual when a dog or a cat begs for physical affection. People are the same way—we need touch. But we're so socially screwed up and obsessed that we get nervous and uncomfortable whenever another person touches us. And, unfortunately, I am no exception. As I spoke to her, my hand felt wrong as her shoulder. It was just resting there like some disembodied limb, and I imagined her wondering what exactly it was doing there and how she could gracefully extricate herself from under it. So I did her the favour of moving it myself.

"Isolate her?" Sin said.

I suggested sitting down, and we walked to a bench. Sin followed and sat behind us. As I'd been taught, I asked her to tell me the qualities she finds attractive in guys. She said honour and ass.

Fortunately, I have one of those qualities.

Suddenly, I felt Sin's breath on my ear. "Stiff her butt," he was instructing.

I snuffed her hair, although I wasn't exactly sure what the point

"If you think you could have, then you could have," he said. "As soon as you ask yourself whether you should or shouldn't, that means you should. And what you do is, you phrase stuff. Imagine a giant gear churning down in your head, and then go for it. Start biting on her. Tell her you just noticed she has beautiful skin, and start massaging her shoulders."

"But how do you know it's okay?"

"What I do is, I look for IDs. An ID is an indicator of interest. If she asks you what your name is, that's an ID. If she asks you if you're single, that's an ID. If you take her hands and squeeze them, and she squeezes back, that's an ID. And as soon as I get three IDs, I phrase stuff. I don't even think about it. It's like a computer program."

"But how do you kiss her?" Sawyer asked.

"Just say, 'Would you like to kiss me?'"

"And then what happens?"

"One of three things," Mystery said. "If she says, 'Yes,' which is

'NEVER,' HE SAID, 'APPROACH A WOMAN FROM BEHIND. ALWAYS COME IN FROM THE FRONT.'

was I figured Sin wanted me to nag her. So I said, "It smells like smoke."

"Noooo?" Sin hissed in my ear. I guess I wasn't supposed to nag.

Sin seemed offended. So, to recover, I took another whiff. "But underneath that, there's a very encouraging smell."

She cocked her head to one side, furrowed her brow over as slightly, scowled me up and down, and said, "You're weird." I was flummoxed.

Fortunately, Mystery was arriving.

"This place is dead," he said. "We're going somewhere more target-rich." To Mystery and Sin, these clubs didn't seem to be really. They had no problem whispering in students' ears while they were hitting on women, dropping pickup terminology in front of strangers, and even interrupting a student during a set and co-ordinating, in front of his group, what he was doing wrong. They were so confident and their talk was so full of incomprehensible jargon that the women rarely even raised an eyebrow, let alone suggested they were being used to train wannabe lads' men.

I had my new friend good-bye as this had taught me, going to see my check and saying, "See good-bye." She actually picked me I felt very alpha.

I was high as a kite in the limo to the next bar. "Do you think I could have kissed her?" I asked Mystery.

very rare, you kiss her. If she says, 'Maybe,' or hesitates, does you say, 'Let's find out,' and kiss her. And if she says, 'No,' you say, 'I didn't say you could. It just looked like you had something on your mind.'"

"You see," he grinned triumphantly. "You have nothing to lose. Every contingency is planned for. It's foolproof! That is the Mystery kiss close."

I furiously scribbled every word of the kiss-close in my notebook. No one had ever told me how to kiss a girl before. It was just one of those things men were supposed to know as they grew, like shaving and carpentry.

Sitting in the limo with a notebook on my lap, listening to Mystery talk, I asked myself why I was really there. Taking a course in picking up women wasn't the kind of thing normal people did. Even more disturbing, I wondered why it was so important to me, why I'd become so quickly obsessed with the online community and its leading personalities.

Perhaps it was because attending the opposite sex was the only area of my life in which I felt like a complete failure. Every time I walked down the street or was on a bar, I saw my own failure staring me back in the face with red lipstick and black mascara. The combination of desire and paralysis was clearly. Perhaps signing up for Mystery's workshop had been an intelligent decision. After all, I was doing something proactive about my loneliness. Even the wise man dwells in the fool's paradise. ■

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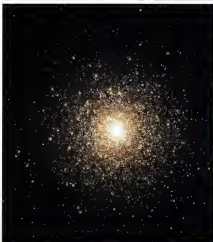
Admired by their peers, Canada's astronomers are making an international mark stirring some cosmic dust

CANADIANS ARE masters of the universe. Just look at the numbers. Sure, the U.S. leads the world in spending on space research, laying out roughly US\$7 per American each year, while Britain, France and Germany budget between US\$4 and US\$5 for every citizen. Canada spends just US\$1 per capita, less even than Australia. Yet by all reasonable measures—the confidence of their peers—Canadian astronomers produce some of the best astrophysical science on the planet. Thomson Scientific, a Philadelphia-based information clearing house, reported Canadian scientists published 4,636 research papers in space in the past decade. Those studies were referenced 76,832 times in other scientific papers, for an average citation rate of 15.9%. U.S. scientists produced many more papers in total, but they were cited just 18.18 times—good, but only for second place. Canadian astronomers, says Thomson spokesman Rodney Vance, “influence the field a great deal.”

If one were to list Canada's 130 most cited astronomers from the many different fields of study, about 15 would be astronomers, says Jeremy Matthews, associate professor of astronomy at the University of British Columbia. It's a remarkable feat given the relatively small size of the community. “I can assure you,” says Matthews, “astronomers don't represent 10 per cent of the Canadian scientific population.”

William Harris, a frequently cited astronomer at McMaster University in Hamilton, likens the Canadian success to a talented soccer making a move with next to no money. The young defender is forced to be innovative. And while limited means can draw the best out of people, it can also be a double-edged sword. The downside, says Matthews, is “how we're expected to pull this off every year on a decreasing budget.”

Lack of funding has forced scientists to pick their projects wisely, observes Ray Carlberg, an astrophysics professor at the University of Toronto. “We can't do everything



The star system known as M82, 1000 light years from Earth—this is the closest of the clusters in the Milky in Southern Astrophysical Observatory near Victoria. (Right, top: M82; getting ready for its launch in 2007; right: artist's conception of the propeller, 10-m telescope that Canada is considering

we want to have fun,” he says. “There are a million and one choices that you can make, and Canadian astronomers, as a group, clearly make some good ones.”

In that group a number of academics stand out. Last year's most quoted professor cited 1,038 times—nearly the mid-20th-century afterglow of the big bang, in the process

helping confirm theories of how the universe came to be. It was written by 17 international scientists, among them Mark Halpern of the University of British Columbia. Another bright light is Peter Szafron, an astronomer at the Herzberg Institute of Astrophysics near Victoria. He is known for developing a key software program



ring up some cosmic dust. The universe is a happening place. In 1998, scientists at the Lawrence Berkeley National Laboratory in California found that, contrary to earlier notions, the 13.7-billion-year-old universe isn't slowing but rather accelerating the expansion that began with the big bang. Why? Because of something called dark energy, a mysterious force that somehow causes stars and other cosmic entities to zoom apart faster than gravity should allow. Other discoveries have also changed our perception of the universe. It was just over a decade ago when astronomers discovered the first planet to orbit a star other than our own sun. Today, almost 150 of those so-called exoplanets have been identified. In July, three U.S. researchers said they had confirmed a 10th planet in our solar system, out past Pluto and about 1.5 tris to tris.

At the turn of the 20th century, the Milky Way was considered the main part of our universe. Canadians helped change that. In the run-up to the First World War, the country's leaders had the foresight to build what was then the world's largest telescope.

Located just outside Victoria on Mount Asgard Mountain and still in operation, the 3.8 m wide telescope at the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory didn't hold the title long. It did, however, help the world better understand the stars of the Milky Way. Today, we believe it contains at least 100 billion stars—and that there are more than 100 billion galaxies in the known universe.

In the 1960s, Canada dreamed where to invest time. Should we build a telescope at home or go international? The decision was to join a consortium with France and Hawaii and build an observatory on the summit of Hawaii's Mauna Kea. “We didn't have a lot to put on the table compared to the overall cost,” recalls Matthews. “But we had experience, so we had a contribution to the project for one of proportion to the money.” (After this, Canada has also entered into other major international partnerships and built two larger 8-m telescopes, one at Mauna Kea and the other at an observatory on Cerro Pachón in the Chilean Andes.)

What Canada lacked until only recently was the ability to make observations from space. That changed with MOST, a satellite-sized, \$10-million robotic home role scope that was blasted into space in 2003. Backed by the Canadian Space Agency, MOST has already orbited in its capacity and has another two, maybe three years to go, says Matthews, the project's mission scientist. MOST's far-reaching mission and observations of stars in one of the first tools to allow Canadian scientists to keep in on and study individual stars by measuring light variations detectable only from space. In the lead up to the launch, researchers belatedly realized MOST could also be used to look at exoplanets. “We astronomers tend to be obsessed with size—we're always wanting to make bigger and bigger telescopes—while the MOST philosophy was that size didn't always matter,” says Matthews. “But even we underestimated what we could do with a 15-cm telescope in orbit, with the right equipment attached to it.”

“WE astronomers are obsessed with size, but even we underestimated what you could do with a 15-cm telescope in orbit.”

As did a century ago, Canada once again wants to build the world's largest telescope. Currently, the bigger one is in the order of 1 to 10 m in diameter. However, there are now more than a dozen projects aimed at

building a 30-m wide telescope. Canada, through the Association of Canadian Universities for Research in Astronomy, has teamed with two U.S. universities and another international agency to build what's being called the TMT (for the Thirty Meter Telescope). It's expected to cost nearly \$1 billion, and Canada would have a 25-per-cent stake. The project is now in the design phase, and construction—which will include the painstaking assembly of more than 700 hexagonal mirrors—won't be expected to start before 2008. “This is no bedroom hobby,” says Carlberg. “It's on the realm of big science.”

Through the Canadian Space Agency, we are also a partner in the successor to NASA's revolutionary Hubble Space Telescope. Canada has a five-per-cent share in the James Webb Space Telescope, NASA's next generation eye in the sky that is due to launch in 2011 and will orbit about 1.5 million miles above Earth. Canada's stake may not sound like much, says Harris, “but it's enough to give us a seat on the board of directors.” It should also ensure Canada continues to get a big bang for its buck. ■

RUMBLE ON THE ROCK

Margaret Wente was one thing. But why is local hero Mary Walsh making fun of Newfoundlanders?

IN A MAKESHIFT gown and in picturesque Turkey, Nfld., scores Mary Walsh and Rick Boland are done up in their Sunday finest—but all sense of decorum is lost when the red-firn pop opens in the middle of a burial. Boland's character, a drunk, didn't put the final screen in the box. "Actually," he says to his wife, played by Walsh, "we haven't crossed in years." That's CBC's *Matchmaking & Dispatching*—a show full of exaggerated accents and jargon, lousie duds and crude language. And not surprisingly, the

cause of much contention on the Rock. Boland, a 52-year-old theatre veteran, often explains his fellow Newfoundlander's concerns: "I'll tell you a story about my grandmother. My uncle Fred was at university and he came back with the death of penicillin studies and they were fishing for salmon up in Portland Creek. When they got home my grandmother was beside herself as to what to have for lunch. There was all kinds of lobster and salmon, but she thought those things were ordinary. So we had to go to the store and get a can of anchovy paste, because it was bought and that would be suitable. It's sort of like this—people think when there are people looking at them from outside, the very things and the wealth they have is sometimes not good enough."

The pilot episode of *Matchmaking, Matchmaking & Dispatching* (produced and co-written by Walsh) ran in January as part of a CBC test—the broadcaster ran three shows and asked for public feedback before making any commitments. Walsh's show, about the Pearly family who own a funeral home/wedding chapel/dinner-dance service, got the most response—more than 4,700 calls and e-mails, 95 per cent positive. "I figured a certain portion of Newfoundland wouldn't like it because traditionally they don't," says CBC exec George Anthony, who ordered the six episodes that are being filmed now and will run in the next year. "That's the point that didn't like CBCOD, but the majority of the

island absolutely adored it. There are always people saying we don't like the way you're representing us."

This time around, that group was pretty vocal. With in Newfoundland itself there was, says co-star Joel Flynn-described it, "quite a bit of noise." Letters were written to editors and opinion pieces ran in the province's papers. Bloggers had a field day and the phone lines at radio call-in shows lit up. "Newfoundland doesn't like being embarrassed by our caricatures," says John's radio host Randy Simons. "That's the show line criticism in the Newfie joke."

While there seems to be a lot of fuss over a little comedy series, it speaks to a much bigger issue of cultural identity in Newfoundland. "There's people there who don't like being people who think that laughing at themselves and referring to themselves as New-



foundland is part of their culture, and those who view Newfie as the other racial N-word and would like to shake the poorly designed image. When the pilot ran in January, it was right in the middle of the

issue Atlantic Accord debate over offshore oil revenues, and close on the heels of Margaret Wente's column in the *Clarke and Maclean's*, "Rural Newfoundland is probably the most vain and scorned within a province in the world."

Sensitivity was understandably high. "We are extraordinarily hard-working," says Walsh, 53. "So I think people were shocked that Wente said those things. They were even more shocked when Walsh, the province's biggest TV star, came out right after with a show about alcohol, drugs and course rural Newfoundlanders signed at a national conference. Viewer Andrew Shaw told a local CBC news program, "It was like watching



Margaret Wente's letter come to life." And "Everybody hates Mary" read the headline in the *St. John's Telegram*.

Eight months later, things have calmed down somewhat. Those days, Newfoundlanders are much angrier over the transfer of their weather reporting from Gander to Dartmouth, N.S.—completing that 100-year career has been inconsistent, to put it mildly. But as it turns out, feelings in Newfoundland about Walsh and her show remain divided. Reaction to the pilot was split down the middle as the St. John's home of Haywood Pike, 55, and Faith Roberts, 49 Pike, a business consultant, liked it and laughed at some of the meaner scenes, like when one of the younger couples trade insults in a coffin. But Roberts, a safety professional, says her husband has a "different" sense of humor. She thought the show was sick and made Newfoundlanders look stupid. "I can't represent our heritage, but they don't have to represent it with coarse language and the sexual activity."

De like, Myers works at a bank near the sea in Turkey, and has been watching the filming of the new episodes on her lunch

hour. She and she laugh and she laugh, but then we see the pilot that both of her. "When the bride's water broke she was going married—that kind of put a bullseye on Newfoundlanders." City councillor Sharon Duff reluctantly admits she doesn't like the show. "Mary is a good friend of mine, and my nephew and nephew are working on that show, but I just found it a little too profane, a little too crass, and I think it needed to embrace that essence of the many Newfoundlanders. Maybe they put all their over-the-top stuff in the first one, like screwing in the coffin, but I'm told that was just the start."

It's true—the set in Turkey isn't far from it, not the order of the day. "Nick and Danielle's storyline is pretty 5-6-4 up," says Phyllis, who plays Nick, the guy who likes to get it on in the coffin. "There's more business sex to come. There are no secret ones at all." Of all the cast members, Hynes, 38, is the most sensitive to Newfoundlanders' concerns. "I did understand," says the name of

Calvert, an outpour of 300 people. "There's a real identity crisis going on here—it's been ongoing for 50 years. And it peaked with this Margaret Wente column and then when this show aired. People want to be portrayed as something that we're not always. We're not a bunch of scholars and well-read and stand-up-high society people. But we have a really unique culture that is grounded in our humor and our economy. This is a situation where we're making our selves to laugh at ourselves." But he insists that Nick, a "real hard heart," is a true representation. "When I came from, everybody drinks and everybody does everything to excess and doesn't care much loyalty and there's a lot of selfishly and a little bit of that."

While Hynes got a juicy role, colored Shana Mijander—a Burlington, Nfld., nurse who found success in Los Angeles—is stuck playing a dim-witted, bullied greenkeeper. Mijander, 33, defends the part. "He's naive, but not a dumb person. I think he's one of the most sympathetic characters because he's not prying at everybody to shut up. I'm the one who's taking a bearing." And it's true—some fans of

Walsh and Boland costar, and a scene with a local Newfie

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Television | >

the comedian are disappointed. "Shawn Maclean is really smart," says St. John's office slinger Emily Bridger, 39, "and it was a total waste of him."

The rest of the cast is rounded out by fellow Newfoundlanders Susan Kent, Jimmy Harris, Sherry White and Outcast Mark McKenney—each portraying a more sharp-tongued and foul-mouthed character than the last. Walsh, who plays a critical mother of three and the brains behind the business, is adamant that she's created realistic characters. "My mother's from Conception Harbour, and they are the sweetest old ladies in the whole world there," she says. "They've got faces like apple dolls—and the language they use would cost your genital hairs."

Walsh had come up with the funeral/wedding/ambulance idea decades ago, when she saw the phrase *Blushing, Marrying and Dying* written on the side of an ambulance. Then *5m First Under* beat her to the crowded TV punch. But last year she took *Her Hour* Has 22 Minutes to get this new series off the ground. "I didn't want to do any Mary Princess Warrior shit," she says. Walsh and Boland were cast and later viewed funeral directors—and ended up losing the Purrys on one particular call from a Newfoundland outpost. "The family that we represent," says Boland, "had a garage first. But these women's enough cars to keep in business, so they started a bus service. The bus was tied to an ambulance service and once they had that, they thought, 'We might as well have a house.' Then it was natural that they get into the funeral business." In his interview, Boland heard how in the course of one day a woman gave birth in their ambulance, a young bride got married in their reception hall, and they had a funeral for a grandmother that evening. *Walsh* obviously wasn't aware of all that end-of-life business when she made her comments about lazy Newfoundlanders.

Not some locals remain puzzled by the Purrys. "My father was a clogmaker," says boxer or writer Ed Smith, author of the "Everybody Loves Mary" column, "and we got shipped from there to there to there. I've never seen any of the characters from that show in any of the communities I've lived in." It's a 36-year-old image of a Newfoundland, according to public-affairs columnist Ed Hellen. "People react badly, largely because it didn't reflect where they

are today. Maybe Mary was taking a concept that was lying around a while, or making a return to the roots of where she started out. Or maybe the market for the show isn't actually here, but on the mainland. So if you want north to a national audience, you give them a cartoon they know."

Walsh doesn't see it that way—she claims she thought only Newfoundlanders would get the show. And despite the silliness of *Marriage, Marrying & Dying*, there are deeper family issues explored. The Purrys live, work and play together—something Walsh is interested in because she feels she never had it herself. "I have seven brothers and sisters and a mother and father," says the names of St. John's. "They lived at 7 Carter's Hill, and lived at 9 Carter's Hill with my aunt Mary, aunt Phine and uncle Jack." Walsh says she was moved next door at the age of eight months because she had pro-

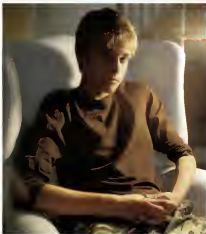
**'THEY'VE GOT
faces like apple dolls—
and the language they
use would cost your
genital hairs'**

mothers and her family's house was too damp. But even when her parents and siblings moved around the bay to Conception Harbour, 33-year-old Mary stayed in St. John's with her aunt and uncle. "I spent most of my life terrified and concerned and devastated and heartbroken that I didn't belong—but I feel like it's all worked out pretty good. I had two mothers and now I get to be part of a family but I don't have to be involved in any drama."

With *Marriage, Marrying & Dying*, though, she has been. "When people got mad about the show, I got so angry," Walsh says. "I was thinking, 'It was just like the myth of Sisyphus. First you've got to convince the CBC that it could be done here, then so much equipment has to be brought in. We roll them up to the top of the hill and then everyone said, 'What the f— did you put this rock here first? Then it struck me that everything I have, everything I am, I owe to being from Newfoundland. I could only stay mad for a while.'"

But the question is, with six more buttons pushing episodes on the way, how long can Newfoundland may read in *Mary*? □

BACKTALK



TV | Sorry girls, but the newest Degraffi kid has a dark side

Johnston, a laid-back Toronto teen, enrolls in Canada's most popular school

Jennie Johnston is pretty angry about the two fatalities on her new bike. "I thought for three days ago and now I can't even ride it," says Johnston, who played up the summer on a high-profile ride last fall to celebrate landing the role of Peter, the prophetic messiah-spiritual son, on *Degrassi: The Next Generation*. "I only have my 42 [bicycle] so I need one of my parents with me if I want to go ride their Cannons. The bike is my main mode of transportation."

A major issue for most 16-year-olds, but not by *Degrassi* standards. (Six

season included a school shooting). Johnston makes his debut this month clamping the 25th anniversary season. It's the biggest break of his career, which started with modeling at 14 and includes short stints on several Canadian TV shows. Turns out, he's no stranger to the *Degrassi* set—his older brother Chris has appeared as on-air son since 2001. "We did a scene together the other day," says the younger Johnston. "He was in the background in one of the shots." James, meanwhile, attended to the front of the class. JENNIFER

"We wanted a comedy kid who was a bit like the rock but wasn't a smoothie. Our director had to tell him this story to be an actor," —*Degrassi* producer Linda Schuyler

TV | Admit it, you're curious

Stop the presses—The L Word has a straight-up sequel. It seems the lesbian drama (season two starts Sept. 1) on Showtime doesn't only appeal to the Sapphic set. In fact, the same-sex love, inhibitors and hefty encounters of a group of L.A. women in *Sling* the road left by homo girl-fave *Sex* and the City—leading to newsgapers, coffee talk and identification with certain characters. "People look for stories that resonate with their own experience," says creator *Lena Dunham*, "but also ones telling them something about what they don't know." So, straight people recognize the love in the relationships and are curious about the sex.



Most lesbians are one point in their lives identified themselves as straight women—and that's the case for L Word's Jenny Schecter, a confused young writer/director, being played by Canadian actress Lisa Richter (Gibson), moved to L.A. to be with her boyfriend, but found himself drawn to the lesbians next door. This season, Jenny's boyfriend moves away and she lives and leaves more women, men sharing a pad with the free-wheeling Sherry McCutcheon (Katherine Moenig). It's two heartbreakers under one roof. Wonder what Carrie Bradshaw would say about this? SHARMA FORD

Books | Nothing fake about non-fiction

When journalist Richard Gelfond visited *The Daily Show* couple a month ago with his new book, *100 People Who Are Screwed Up America*, Jon Stewart took him into his confessional, of course, for including Barack Obama on the list. "The place I raised others said, 'You're' screwed Stewart, much to the delight of his studio audience—who watched the two play out Gelfond's ploy for nearly 20 minutes. It was just a couple of words slipped in a desk together, but it made for great TV.

Thank to eight bags of "mildew-resistant" birdseed, yet again, it's not making any other birds any more—



Stewart's *Stewart* will flourish. Test, or many shows by getting truly just, and policy wants to loose the second story some fancy paper about their writings. Think of it as Stewart's very own book club—and he comes off genuinely enthused by the lively debate that's generated. You truly get the feeling that he—or at least one of the show's writers—has read the book.

The author's career every starting from his short affairs but with a guaranteed healthy sales in every interest is Dr. Robert by Princeton professor. **Barry G. Horowitz** exploration has his appearance as *The Sky* *Storvoren* than 100,000 copies are now in print after a original run of only 5,300, while *Sprink* cost the humbly set, *Storvoren* is turning the expected annual (preliminary) as in services one-fifth—charity to the authors of *The West-Lark Wings*, *Interlocking Spins* and *Countdown to Crisis*. He's making his slivers *Diary*. There's nothing like about that. **JOHN HENRY**



Film | Katharine Isabelle has a thing for thrill rides

Katharine Isabelle has amassed a long list of scary movie credits, including the *Ginger Snaps* trilogy, *Friday vs. Jason* and now *Show Me—* about two teenage kids who carjack a luxury sedan and the women inside. But the 23-year-old Vancouverite prefers Canadian indie films. She told us about two of her favorites.

3. **PaPerconsider** (1995) "A group of teens break into a theme park and go on a roller coaster. The roller coaster is deadly whether to kill themselves by jumping off a roller coaster, it's so over-dramatic—I loved it. Friends of mine were in the film, so we actually had the keys to all the rides."

2. **On the Corner (2001):** "It's set in Jamaica's Spadina Road. Director Michael Barry had been a social worker there for years. He'd grown through the area before, but after spending a month there playing a crackhead, I don't think of the area his based in." KAREN MARLIN

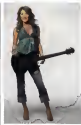
MAGLEAN'S 100 | TOP 10

Tanya Kim's not-so-predictable Canadian picks

How refreshing: When *Tanya Grier* picked her Top 10 Canadian songs of all time, the host of CTV's e-fall *Day and e-fall* / *Byline* (the network's new must-see) eschewed the classics (except one).

1. *Man / Land To Be*, *It's On*
2. *I Don't Be Crushed*, *Handley Workman*
3. *Stochastic*, *Waxan*
4. *Wishover It Takes*, *Don Semantelli*
5. *Season of Your Dream*, *Jully Black*
6. *John Louder*, *Daniel Lemis*
7. *Rebellion (Lies)*, *Artide Fire*
8. *When I Kings*, *Thugaboy Hip*
9. *Inner Belief*, *Billy Talent*
10. (a) *Inside and Out*, *Felst*
10. (b) *Working for the Weekend*, *Lowerbox*

Top 3 items during Maclean's campaign



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Ron Sexsmith finishes John Intini's sentences

In the '80s, long before landing a recording deal, Ron Sexsmith used to log the rent by huddling next to his office buildings in Toronto's downtown core. That's when he met Don Kern, a fellow cozier who would become his long-time drummer, and wrote one of his books (*Shadows in My Coffee*) that ended up on *Dearbeats* (don't-overlook their recently released joint project, *Sexsmith & Co. finished: Michael's Associate Editor John Intini's sentences*).

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SOUND IN THE WORLD... is coffee brewing. THE STRANGEST THING ABOUT MY DREAM?... is that nobody knows. We're kind of like the Brady Bunch from hell. My mom had three boys and me and a

girl who had her left leg. It wasn't smooth. WHEN I WAS A KID I THOUGHT THAT ALL ADULTS WERE suspicious. MY FAVOURITE NIGHTCAP... is a brandy Alexander. I've heard that John Lennon used to drink it. It's basically a very good milkshake.

I USED TO... have a detective agency when I was about 18. I had a sign out front of my house and promotional flyers. My partner and I commuted the neighbourhood and we actually landed a case. A woman had lost a watch and we spent a day looking for it. We didn't find it but she gave us \$5 each anyway. I'D LOVE TO BE... a bit thinner.

FOR MORE "JOHN INTINI'S SENTENCES" VISIT WWW.MICHAELS.COM/PIR



ESSENTIAL SEXSMITH

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Books | Strangers in a strange land

Three years ago, Margaret MacMillan penned a chronicle of international peace for 1918. Her tentatively written and accessible history of the peace treaty that ended the First World War, in honour of the day, MacMillan's focus is narrower, but the result is just as engaging. Her meticulous subjects—wives of British officials in India, the Empress crown jewel—were, in many cases, far from willing spectators in an alien world. Many were deflected by the climate and landscape, but most succumbed to their family duties, sometimes falling in love with India, especially in the early days of British rule before overt racism lost their rapidly expanding from Indian society. And a few like MacMillan's parade of colour for personalities even went right on the line, dedicating themselves to serving leaders in medical, educational, missionary and political capacities.



WOMEN OF THE RAJ
Margaret MacMillan
Penguin \$25.95

Best Sellers

Fiction

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44 BACKTALK | SEPTEMBER 5, 2005

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID LEE



PIGLETS AND RESTAURANTS

In Montreal's restaurant business, you really needed a gimmick

"As we began to tell, it came out that [David Rader's] father had owned *An Latin Qui Roulle*, a popular Montreal restaurant in the 1960s that attracted patrons by having tiny piglets run around the floor."

— Peter C. Newman, *Maclean's*, Aug. 28, 2005

PEOPLE DON'T REMEMBER how tough it was back then. The restaurant business was more competitive in Montreal in the 1950s and '60s than in any other town in Canada. You needed a gimmick, a hook. After David Rader's pop started with the piglets, a kind of a new standard. "When the running piglets, people would say

You'd go to one of the big banks on St. James Street in your best suit, looking for a loan. But if you didn't have a gimmick, the loan officer would just say to you: 'Then he'd do it.' 'I don't see any running piglets here,' he'd say. And that was how you knew you wouldn't be getting a loan."

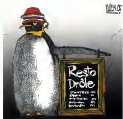
You couldn't blame the bank guy. He was just protecting his investment. A restaurant with out something special just wouldn't last. If you just wanted to put out a nice place of people with some chicken and maybe a bowl of spicy olives, you were dead. Dead.

Nate Federoff started at all Restaurants in Montreal were all pretty much the same in those days, until Eater's friend Nate to manage that fancy dining room they used to have on the top floor. That was in maybe 1954. One thing Nate does, he changes the name. Before, it was just the dining room at Eater's. Now it was *Le Coteur qui Roulle*. We'll laugh that. Look who's getting on now. But that first weekend Nate had to turn the lights away, it was so busy. That was what the streets off our face.

Still, Nate wasn't satisfied. After two months he bought a mail piglet from a film market in New York for \$7. It'll never forget: It like things this piglet in to Eater's and

put it up front so it's standing beside the maître d' when you walk in. People went crazy for that stuffed piglet. There were always down two flights of stairs. People standing in Bedding and Lanes waiting to get upstairs for a good.

But you remember how Nate was through was never enough for that guy. Two months after the piglet, he hired the blind guy who played the spoons. That kicked off



the big test that put him out of business for good.

Still, we'd all learned our lesson. After the name change and the piglet, you couldn't just run an ordinary restaurant with an ordinary name any more in Montreal. Tommy Calabrese caught on real quick. He'd been running this sloppy little lounge joint on Mountain Street called *Chet Calabrese*. One day I'm walking past his place and he's got a new sign up. *An Latin Qui Roulle* or *Calabrese*. I look in the window and Tommy's hand threw of these Swiss pop in the little car window around between the tables.

Well, you know the rest of the story. By 1966, Tommy was rich and famous. "This is the best ya, David," he said to me once, "I don't just peeped in my head. *Shower can't shower can't*" In no time, he'd opened new locations in St. Leonard and Chambray. Always with the Swiss cars. People were up. Pretty soon Tommy was spending \$300 a month just on these little hats they wore with the tracks. They kept flying off. Those Swiss, they drove fast.

By now we're in the legendary days of the Montreal restaurant business. You didn't only need a gimmick, you needed a good one. Clowns with balloons wouldn't do it. Jimmy "Pants" Lafleur opened a *Chet* new restaurant on Place called *La Delirigolade du Prince*. Jimmy's hook was that every fourth place he served was actually crawling with live spiders. Pretty soon the mayor was a regular there. But that only lasted until Nicky Wodolinski opened that skullhouse with the hidden trapdoors. At Place Vendôme. One time Pierre Trudeau was having lunch in a corner booth with Jean Lesage, discussing transport policy, and just as Lesage started raising his voice, the trap door opened under him and he fell right through the floor. Boy, after that, you couldn't keep Lesage away from that place with a stick.

I'm not sure when the golden age ended. Some folks trace it back to that business with the alcoholic kaffe thrower at *An Sincere* on Galloway in '71. Me, I think it was already over before that.

Let me go to Perry O'Brien to give a good idea. When he opened that combination jazz place and university yard on Ste. Catherine Street in '69, the public just turned on him. I'll never forget that classic line from Vic Vogel: "Are you sure it's a Vichard seat?"

Perry died broke a couple of years later. The golden years never last.

The comments are posted on the website of the author. Paul Wells is a writer. He can be reached at paul.wells@montrealgazette.com.



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